9 APRIL 1966 2s 6d

london life

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THE LOVELIEST BRIDES OF THE WEEK

PLUS FULL GUIDE TO WHAT'S ON

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INSIDE

Prince Philip is to receive the "Humanitarian Award of the Year" from Variety Clubs International on 22 April – at a ceremony in the Festival Hall. The award is for 1965, but immediately after the presentation there will be a dinner at Grosvenor House which will be concerned with the Duke's recent tour of the United States. Criticisms of the tour's usefulness for British exports have already been countered by Lord Watkinson. But at this dinner, International Chief Barker James Carreras will confound any further criticism of the Duke's work for charity.

The cheque that Mr Carreras will hand the Duke for Variety Club charities, representing the total yield of the US tour, will be for no less than one million, one hundred thousand dollars.

LONDON LIFE
INCORPORATING THE TATLER

Barbra Streisand opens in Funny Girl *at the Prince of Wales Theatre on 13 April. Why does the American musical imbue the London scene with such feverish excitement? You'll find the answer, in colour, on pages 32 to 36*

Benny Green, by all the rules of show business, shouldn't be where he is today. What is the secret of his popularity . . . if there is, in fact, a secret? He has no gimmicks, no aura of mystery, and is hardly glamorous. Page 16

Lady Sarah Curzon, who has married racing driver Piers Courage, is one of the six most beautiful brides photographed in London last week by London Life. You'll find them in a revealing feature on pages 19 to 21

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There is also London Life's comprehensive guide to everything that makes London the entertainment capital of the world, starting on page 43 . . . its night life, the theatre, the cinema, music, opera, ballet, art galleries, restaurants and sport. And, beginning this week, John McLeod has something interesting to say about drinking in London.

Dr Eric Berne's *Games People Play* (*London Life* 15 January), which appears in this country next week, having been on the best-selling list in the USA for 28 weeks, is to be made into a musical. Art Buchwald and Peter Stone are labouring to convert Dr Berne's psychological treatise into a plot, and the songs will be by Anthony Newley and Leslie Bricusse. It will be produced on Broadway by Cy Feuer and Ernest Martin, who were responsible for *Guys and Dolls*.

Major-General George de Gex, Director of the Royal Artillery, has an unusual sales problem on his hands: the Royal Artillery Officers' Sports Fund has referred to him the task of disposing of four Regimental coaches which have been stabled at Woolwich since 1960, when the last horses left. Comprising a dog-cart, a wagonette, the coach of the Royal Horse Artillery and the 100-year-old Regimental Coach of the Royal Artillery. the collection has been the responsibility of the RA Coaching Club, which is being closed down on the orders of General Sir Robert Mansergh, the Master Gunner of St James's Park. It is hoped they will be sold in this country, although there are already a number of American inquiries for them. The money, according to Colonel Sir Thomas Roberts, secretary of the Sports Fund, will go "for modern gliders or parachutes."

Eugene Schuster's mobile art-gallery scheme (*London Life*, 18 December) has proven highly successful: now incorporated as London Graphic Art Associates, the company, since its first show

continued overleaf

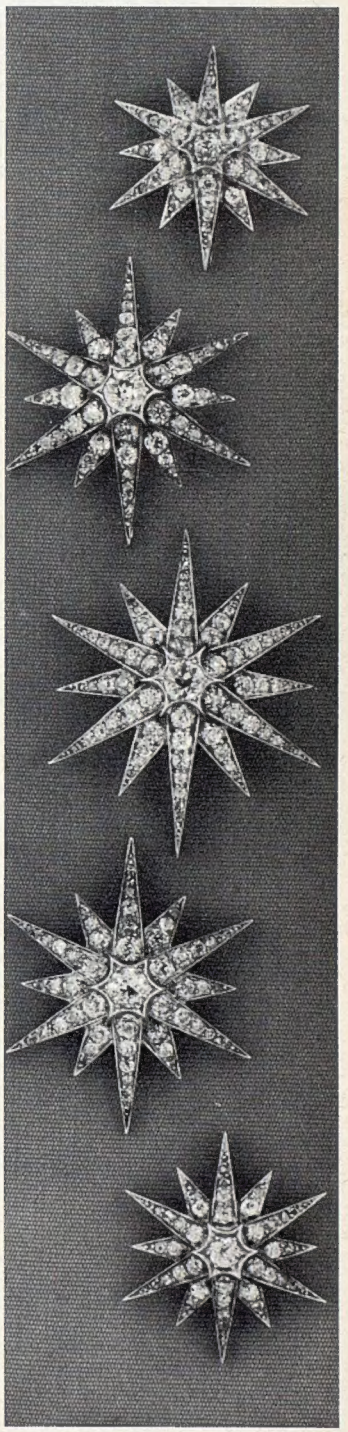
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH

Wartski

138 REGENT STREET
LONDON, W.1
and at Llandudno

A SET OF FIVE
OLD ENGLISH DIAMOND-SET
STAR BROOCHES

Photographed actual size



INSIDE LONDON LIFE

continued

at Cambridge, has run one-week shows of etchings and lithographs at Brighton, Norwich and Oxford. On 19 April, they go back for a second show at Cambridge. This time, instead of hiring a hotel room, they are taking the Primavera Gallery on King's Parade for a week: Schuster himself is in the midst of a sales tour in the United States, and rapidly running out of stock: in one week in Detroit he sold 40,000 dollars worth of prints.

There seems to be a duck shortage this spring: four lonely drakes have taken up residence on the ornamental pond outside the Commonwealth Institute, Kensington.

The 33,000 "enumerators" who will carry out the first-ever "ten per cent" Census on Sunday, 24 April, have had good news from the Registrar-General: any of them engaged in visiting every tenth house to get an interim picture of population changes since the last full Census in 1961 who has trousers torn by an angry dog will get a replacement pair from Somerset House.

Queen Anne Hotels are pulling out all stops to have their new 250-room hotel in Jermyn Street open in time for the World Cup. in July. The exterior scaffolding is down, and the interior decorators at work on the building: on the site of Rosa Lewis's old Cavendish Hotel, the new one seems very likely to be called the New Cavendish.

John Wesley's old chapel in West Street, near Cambridge Circus, is to let. Built by the Huguenots in 1700, it was Wesley's central London pulpit from 1745 to 1791: for the past few years, having in turn been a school, an Anglican chapel and a scenery store, it has been occupied by a firm of musical instrument makers. Now, its 7,000 square feet is seeking a new tenant.

Plantation House, Mincing Lane, will be the scene of an important auction on 26 April: prices are expected to go as high as £150 a hundredweight for the many fine lots, any of them weighing as much as 64 pounds. What are they selling? Elephant tusks – to the comb, collar-stud and chess industries.

Derek Amos is finding less and less time for his painting: "I make," he says, "far more money from gambling, and I do not believe in the artist in a garret story." Amos doesn't make the money so much by his own bets as by the sale of his remarkable

talent for spotting the form. He is employed by John Mort Green, better known as The Butterfly, to make form assessments, by another gambler Amos who estimates makes £30,000 a year, and used to help "Dalrymple" of *The Sporting Life*. "I learnt the anatomy of the horse thoroughly when I was writing my thesis for an art teacher's degree," says Amos, "it is this knowledge which enables me to work out form without any practical racing experience." It started when Amos was commissioned, first by Dalrymple, then by Green, to paint horses: now, Green says, "his advice is invaluable."

Mr Albert Elliott, the Verger of St Margaret's, Westminster, sits in the centre aisle of the Church – the House of Commons' official church – most days of the week sewing. He is busy making tapestry seat-covers for every pew. So far he has completed 20, and calculates it will take 300 pounds of wool and 250 yards of canvas before he is finished.

London architects Alison and Peter Smithson were commissioned two years ago to design a new British Embassy for Brazil. Meanwhile, the Ministry of Works own architects were to get ahead with some houses and flats to accommodate the Embassy staff – they were due to be finished at the end of last year. The whole scheme was to cost around £1 million. In fact, work has not even started on the houses, and the Embassy is "under review" – like those projected for Rome and Togoland.

The Eagle Star Insurance Company's offices at 79 Pall Mall are the only premises on the entire South side of that very expensive street that do not belong to the Crown Estate. Charles II gave the house that used to be on the site to Nell Gwyn, and it has remained private property ever since.

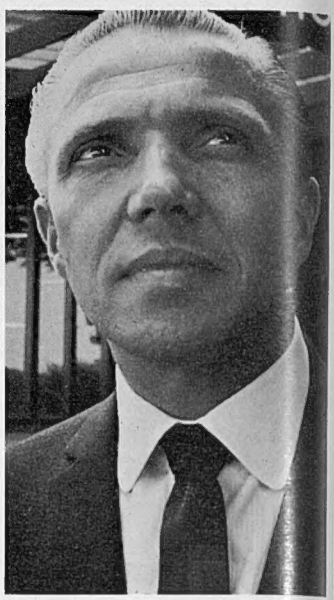
Syon College, on the Embankment near Blackfriars Bridge, is to have a brand-new facade: the old frontage has been sadly mutilated by the demolition and construction involved in the Blackfriars Bridge Underpass. The new one is going up a few feet in front of the old one, and when it is completed, the roof will be extended to reach it and the old facade demolished behind it.

Boots the Chemists have joined the ranks of the non-smoking stores: 73 of their branches, including many in London, have just put up the notices.

Sir John Ellerman, the millionaire shipping tycoon, can if he wishes see *Hello Dolly* any day of the week – free of charge. His company, Ellerman Properties, receives four free stalls every week. They get them as the present owners of the Theatre Royal's site: they bought it from the Duke of Bedford's estate, and the Bedford estate was granted a box in perpetuity when it rented the land to the Theatre in the 18th century. The box – it still exists with the Bedford arms on it – was "converted" into stall seats by the Ellerman company: no one knows whether Sir John himself ever uses them – but he has always taken great pains to ensure that as little as possible is known of his movements.

A Ludgate Hill newsagents is the only shop in London offering boxes of assorted mineral specimens and fossils for sale: for six shillings one can buy a set containing a fish tooth, some shells, pieces of pyrites, selenite and other crystals and rocks, plus a leaflet. They also have large rock paperweights for thirty shillings.

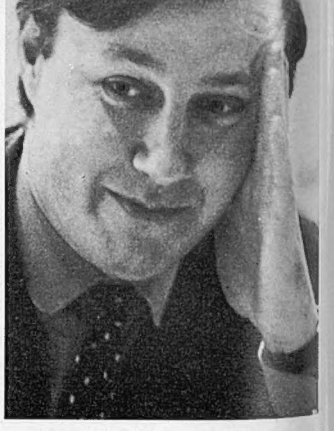
St Bartholomew - the - Great, Smithfield, will be handing out free hot cross buns on Good Friday: the rector, the Rev N E Wallbank, will have 21 ready for needy widows of the parish – and since there aren't that many widows left in Smithfield, any left over will go to onlookers.



James Cressy, the owner of Reigate's Bridge House Restaurant, has done so well with the motel he built by the restaurant a year ago that he is to build another one the same size right next door to the first. It will have a further 12 suites, all looking out over the Downs, and right on top of the Pilgrim's Way. The first motel cost £78,000, including swimming pool: this one's price hasn't yet been fixed.

Good news for the Prime Minister: they've stopped the rot at Number Ten. Last autumn – after more than £1 million had been spent restoring numbers ten, eleven and twelve Downing Street – dry rot was discovered in the State Drawing Room, overlooking the garden. Repairs are now almost complete – at a cost of £15,000.

Terence Conran, the furniture, fabric and interior designer, is hoping to begin production of Conran furniture in France. He



hopes to have a factory going there by September, plus a second Habitat store for Paris. A second Habitat for London is also under discussion. Conran himself is tied up with the new

contract to design the restaurant for the IBM building, but he now has 30 other designers working for him in London, in addition to the 180 craftsmen at his Norfolk factory.

Sir Nicolas "Miki" Sekers is to lend his Sloane Street salon to the British Empire Cancer Campaign on 5 May for a pre-Ascot hat show: a parade of incredible hats plus champagne at 25s a ticket. It will include hats from Balenciaga and Dior.

Loose diamonds are among the items donated by jewellers to an auction in aid of the National Association of Youth Clubs and OXFAM: the auction, to be opened by the Hon Angus Ogilvy, is at Christie's on 14 July. The diamonds are from Asscher's of Amsterdam: other jewellers have given diamond watches, a 4½-ounce 22-carat gold Churchill medallion and an early 17th-century silver-gilt standing cup. Organising the auction, called the "Future of World Youth," is Mr Algernon Asprey which explains why the jewellery trade have been so well canvassed for support.

Laurence Isherwood, the Lancashire painter, is to have a one-night one-man show in London on 13 April: not at a gallery, but in an otherwise empty shop in Shepherd's Market. Cost for the one-night stand – £10.

Lord Fisher (of Kilverstone, not Lambeth) is planning to expand his aristocratic mail-order business: in time for this Christmas, he hopes to be offering polythene-wrapped Christmas trees, averaging 3 to 4 foot long, at 10s each, p&p included. Lord Fisher started postal selling with freshly killed Norfolk lamb from his estate near Thetford about 18 months ago. He normally sells it by the half-lamb, butchered as shoulder, loin and leg, for £5 10s – guaranteed minimum weight 19 lb. He also offers Original Norfolk Asparagus.

Truman Capote has recorded a number of scenes from his "In Cold Blood" on an LP issued by RCA in America. Decca over here are presumably delaying issue until they can get Ken Tynan to write the sleeve note.

Freddy Lennon, the 53-year-old father of Beatle John, will shortly be going on a US tour to back up the success there of his record *That's My Life*, which is now in the "hot hundred." Last week he appeared on Dutch TV, and he has also a number of guest appearances at clubs and dances booked here.

The sundial-cannon industry, a vital factor in Britain's export drive, is suffering from an acute shortage of gunpowder in the United States. The New York store which imports and sells most of these monuments to British craftsmanship reports they can no longer supply their customers with enough gunpowder to mark every noon: when the sun is at its hottest, it should fire the charge in the small cannon beneath the dial. No powder – no bang.

Pye Records rushed out a single last week called *Mio Amore Sta Lontana* by Angelique. Sung in Italian, it had been featured in

the *Danger Man* series, and was sung again in the episode transmitted on 3 April. Angelique is a new name to the pop-song business – as much in Italy as over here: because Angelique is in fact London model Angela Harvey, who is thoroughly English, Like all good discoveries, she was heard singing at a party by an agent, and one thing, *on dit*, led to another.

Richard Williams-Ellis, stockbroker nephew of the distinguished architect Clough Williams-Ellis, has taken one of the houses being constructed in the shell of the 18th-century St John's School, Scandrett Street, Wapping. The school, although scheduled as of great historical and architectural interest, has been derelict for years: it is being converted into two houses and two flats by Jeremy Jefferis, an engineering teacher at the South-West Essex College. Total cost is likely to approach £20,000, but Jefferis hopes for some assistance from the GLC.

The Admiral's Eye, a St Martin's Lane gift shop, is offering patriots and tourists small chunks of the white cliffs of Dover – 2s 6d a piece.

Documents & Autographs Ltd, the London firm specialising in the letters of the famous, have just issued their spring catalogue: a letter from George Eliot (*née* Mary Ann Cross) to her publisher about *The Mill on the Floss* is listed at £152 10s, Sir Walter Scott has one at £32 10s and Richard Brinsley Sheridan one at £24. General tendency of all prices is, of course, up: wise investors ought to engage in correspondence as soon as possible with any public figure of advancing years – nothing improves the price more than the writer's demise.

St Paul's, Knightsbridge, has applied for permission for the pavement kerb outside the churchyard to be replaced by a ramp so that parishioners can drive across it into the churchyard and park within the churchyard, thus avoiding a ticket while at service.

Richard Cottrell, the manager of the Hampstead Theatre Club, reports that since all Camden library ticket-holders became entitled to membership of the Club (*London Life*, 8 January), over 1,250 of these new honorary members have joined. "Audiences," he says, "have been consistently very good – and we are particularly pleased at the number of younger people the scheme seems to have brought in."

A Balham firm, Hopes, is marketing a special padlock for telephones – it enables a mean householder to lock his dial so that, although incoming calls can be received, outgoing ones can only be made by key-holders.

Eton College will send a bunch of lilies tied with blue ribbon to the Tower of London next month: King's College, Cambridge, will send red roses bound in purple. On 21 May there will be a short memorial service in the Wakefield Tower – where the Crown Jewels are kept – in honour of Henry VI, founder of the two colleges, who was murdered in the Tower.

Seen on the side of a frozen-food van: The Finest Food You Ever Thaw.

Old people and hospitals in a number of London districts have started receiving fresh spring flowers from Red Cross branches in Devon and Cornwall. A circular issued by the West Country division to its branches points out that "many hospital patients and homebound old people in London never see a growing flower or a tree," and asks them to contact a London branch and then send a consignment of flowers by post. Exeter branch is sending to Camberwell, Honiton to Fulham, Tavistock to Hampstead, Torquay to Westminster, and so on.

Scotland Yard, it was announced in May, 1964, was to move into a 20-storey tower on Victoria Street – costing £15 million. The move would be completed, it was said, "by 1966." Latest information from the world's best-known centre of detection: "We really don't know when we are going to move."

MAKE A DATE

THURSDAY 7 APRIL
Exhibition: Asia in the 16th century, British Museum
Concert: Symphonic concerto, Festival Hall, with the London Philharmonic, conductor John Pritchard. 8 pm.
Exhibition: 5 April-12 May, London Philharmonic Exhibition – music as history.

FRIDAY 8 APRIL
Racing: Motorcycle racing at Brands Hatch.

SATURDAY 9 APRIL
Opening: Pitlochry Festival Theatre, Perthshire, with *The First Mrs Fraser*. Season 8 October.
Singing: Nina and Frederik at Fairfield Halls, Croydon. 7.45 pm.

SUNDAY 10 APRIL
Polo: Season opens at Windsor Great Park.
Racing: Stock car races, Brands Hatch – first time there.
Concert: London Philharmonic, conductor Eugene Svetlanov, with Ronald Turini (piano) in Mussorgsky, Rachmaninov and Tchaikovsky. Festival Hall. 7.30.

MONDAY 11 APRIL
Service: Easter Carol Service, Westminster Abbey. 3 pm.
Play: *Catherine Wheel*, Ashcroft Theatre, Croydon, with Bob Monkhouse. 7.45 pm.
Races: Oxfam Easter Trophy Car Races, Brands Hatch.
Concert: Royal Philharmonic, conductor Eugene Svetlanov, plays Respighi's *Symphonic Poem*. Festival Hall. 8 pm.

TUESDAY 12 APRIL
Play: World première at Hampstead Theatre Club of *Events While Guarding the Bofors Gun*.
Play: Greek National Theatre opens for two weeks at the Aldwych.

WEDNESDAY 13 APRIL
Première: *Funny Girl* starring Barbra Streisand at the Prince of Wales.
Ballet: Western Theatre Ballet at Sadler's Wells. 7.30 pm.

THURSDAY 14 APRIL
Ballet: *Cinderella*, Covent Garden. 7.30 pm.
Music Hall: films and records of old music hall artists. Fairfield Halls, Croydon. 7.30 pm.
Football: London Hotels Cup Final at Arsenal Ground, Highbury.

FRIDAY 15 APRIL
Ball: Golden Eagle Ball (American Women's Club) at the Hilton.

TUESDAY 18 APRIL and WEDNESDAY 19 APRIL
Fashion: Hardy Amies fashion show at the Europa.

THURSDAY 21 APRIL
Exhibition: Prince Philip will open *The Observer Magazine* Wild Life Exhibition, Alexandra Palace.

SATURDAY 23 APRIL
Inauguration: The Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip, will inaugurate the Wildfowl Trust's new research centre at Slimbridge, Glos.

PARTY TIME

Below: Rolling Stone Brian Jones, with model Anita Pallemburg, at the party given to celebrate the premiére of the film *Alfie*.

Below: Colin McInnes and Gordon Rattray Taylor at a party given at the Time-Life building to launch space-fiction writer Arthur Clarke's new book.

Above: Carole We TV dancer, demo strates the See-Sa a new dance she h thought up. Her pa ner is Michael Pol The occasion, a par at the El Cuban restaurant.

Left: The Panamani Ambassador, M Eus bio A Morales, wi Dr Roberto Arias a his wife Dame Marg Fonteyn at a par given in Dr Aria honour at the 4 Club.

At the *Alfie* party—Left: Michael Caine and Elizabeth Ercy. Above: film director Bryan Forbes with his wife, Nanette Newman.

Above: Denholm Elliott, who collected good notices for his part in the film.

reception was held at the Italian Embassy to welcome the ompagnia dei Giovani, who were taking part in the World heatre Season at the Aldwych. Above: Peter Hall, director f the Royal Shakespeare Company, kneels to chat. Above ght: Michaelangelo Antonioni, the Italian film director. ight: Italian actor Giorgio de Lullo greets Sir Michael edgrave.

Above: Elsa Albani, Italian actress, at the Embassy reception.

Above: Model Robby Cunningham-Reid and Bill Knight at a party given by Jane Murdoch and Lyn Ashley at Fanny's Bistro. Guests arrived dressed as tramps.

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THE FRENCH CULT

Quietly, from across the Channel an invasion gathers strength – an invasion of good things that more and more Britons are welcoming, says COLIN BELL

A couple of weeks ago a new night-club opened in Paris. Its name, presumably selected with some care to represent all that is most hip and fashionable, is Gaff: as in, for instance, "why don't we pick up some birds and go back to my gaff?" At the gala opening of the club, the obligatory free food – or nosh – was bangers and mash, and place of honour at the bar was reserved for pots of tea. The big attraction of the cabaret was a fashion parade by assorted London dollies dressed by Quorum, the Chelsea dressmakers.

The fact that young France is sold on things, people and words Anglo-Saxon comes as no shock either to tourists who have shopped at Burton's and drunk at the three English Pubs in Paris, or to General de Gaulle, who thinks it is a plot, or to the French Academy, who have been waging war against "Franglais" for years: the smart young Frenchman commonly dons *les tweeds* and leaps into *son Jag* before taking his bird – in *les bluejeans* and *un pull* – for *le scotch* at *le weekend*. However, while France has been falling in love with everything pacey in our lives – only Bingo is lacking – French businessmen have been staging a very successful counter-invasion of London.

A word for it

Just as the French have assimilated many English words – not necessarily even useful ones like football, but ephemeral fatuities like gaff and funky – we have adopted many French terms. It has gone on for a thousand years or more, and if we have only recently taken up discothèque and bistro in a big way, we have had chic, elan and coups d'état for a lot longer. It used to be, however, that we only bought French goods when they were quite clearly better than the home product, or simply unique: the wine trade owes nothing to trendiness, and we can put only Stilton against a hundred splendid French cheeses.

In the past five years there has been a significant change in this state of affairs. Dubonnet, an aperitif (sorry, a drink to be taken before food in the belief that it sharpens the palate and appetite) resembling good old Wincarnis in hue, has doubled its London sales in the past five years. St Raphael, a beverage with a similar function, has put its sales up no less than 30 per cent. each year since 1961. *Paris-Match* sells 19,000 copies an issue here – an increase of 40 per cent. since 1960: *Elle*, the French fashion magazine, sells 11,000 a week – 50 per cent. up on 1960.

The biggest invasion of all has been in the cigarette market: so great has been the success of Gauloises and Gitanes that last year a British firm, Carreras, introduced a new brand, Sorbonne, designed to try to win back the French smokers. Tobacco is, of course, a government monopoly in France, and one begins to suspect a deep Gaullist plot about the whole campaign: for the largest selling French car here, Renault, is also government-owned – and although they shut down their English factory three years ago, their sales increase every year here. Citroen also report a steady climb in British sales.

It is of course true that Dubonnet offers a taste unavailable among native brews: that anyone hooked on French cigarettes finds English ones flat and boring; and that the Renault 1600 is among the world's best-designed cars. Nevertheless, something at least of their appeal probably lies in their glamorous French origins. Anyone who smokes French cigarettes is prone to the temptation to smoke them in *le style Belmondo* – the giveaway is the bloodstained tip – and to spend their evenings recapturing the glory that was Malta in foul little bistros.

Again, although the arguments in favour of the bidet – Ideal Standard claim there is a "definite increase" in their sales – need not be ones of fashion, the sales of Vartan, Halliday, Brassens, and, above all, Francoise Hardy, more than counter the French success of Petu La Clark *(sic)*. Popular heroes, like Belmondo and the pop-singers are symptomatic of the fashionable appeal of things French: France has always had a reputation in puritan England for sexual splendour which in the case of Bardot is obviously justified. But only irrational whim could explain the pulling power of many lesser French stars, and of the many bad French movies. For that matter, if *Cahiers du Cinema* started the cam adoration of Hollywood films of the '30s and '40s, the French have certainly had their revenge with the *Nouvelle Vague*. French actors ape Bogart while English cinemastes worship Gabin: the Bond pictures are the biggest draw in Paris, but Francois Truffaut is over here directing *Fahrenheit 451* – in broken English.

Total confusion

The confusion becomes total when one considers that any really hip French student or au pair stuck for an evening in London dashes off to a club called Le Kilt: and that the Scotch House in Knightsbridge has to maintain a large proportion of French-speaking staff to cope with the demand for *les tartans* – while Burton's, not domestically noted for their chic, are the trendiest Paris men's store.

Since the whole Francophil movement got under way – the first London bistro opened in 1958, the first discothèque in 1961 – and the major French companies began advertising here – mostly in 1960 and 1961 – the exchange has become almost total. Politically, of course, a large number of English people have, during this time, become convinced that we should join the Common Market and go over to decimals in all our measurements: it may come as a surprise to them, and as final evidence of the business acumen of the French, to hear that a London store, Fraser's of Old Broad Street, has just started selling French-made pedometers – which check on the distance covered by the wearer. They are calibrated in miles, yards and feet.

TOUS LES OBJECTS SUR CETTE PAGE SONT FABRIQUES EN FRANCE

But luckily for us, you can buy them in England

by Angela Ince

Large Porcelaine d'Auteuil soufflé dish: £5 16s, from Debenham & Freebody; vegetable slicer: £8 8s, Elizabeth David, 46 Bourne Street, SW1; blue and white enamel number plate: 10s, Woollands; Cerafeu vegetable steamer: 53s 8d; earthenware marmite: 15s; heavy white cups, edged in silver: 12s 3d each; stoneware storage jars: 5s and 6s; blue-patterned white china, available in three sizes and soup plate: this size 5s. 6d, all from Elizabeth David; packet of fennel: 2s; tin of Plagniol olive oil: 7s a pint; tinned flageolets: 2s 6d; tinned Pistou soup: 3s 6d; dried green lentils: 4s 6d a packet; jar of white-currant preserve: 3s 6d; goatsmilk cheese wrapped in chestnut leaves: 2s 9d, all from L Roche Ltd, 14 Old Compton Street, W1; black monogrill: £1 17s 6d, and snail plate: 17s 6d, both by Le Creuset; snail tongs: 8s 9d; tooth-picks: 2s 6d a packet, all from Elizabeth David. Miss Dior toilet water: 79s 6d, from Debenham & Freebody.

A BLOW FOR THE PHONE SNOBS

Slowly, almost furtively, the initial letters of the London telephone exchanges are being replaced by numbers. One is receiving those inelegant Post Office-issue cards from friends pathetically explaining that they are no longer PARk, but 602. There is one serious objection to the so-called modernisation that so far no one has brought out into the open. It removes one of the major outlets of that happy British trait – snobbishness.

Quite simply the ability to assess a new acquaintance from his telephone number will disappear. Quite often a likely looking bird chatted up over a dry martini at a party became marginally less attractive when it was revealed that her telephone number had a LIBerty exchange . . . those long trips out to South Wimbledon if not actually Morden without a simple *discothèque* in sight! No amount of suave suiting could compensate for an executive's PLUmstead, POLlards or POPesgrove. And there was no sadder sight than a whizzy young copywriter frantically living down CROydon.

On the other hand, I recall that I once lived in a peculiarly squalid part of Islington, gracelessly trapped between a dingy canal and a noisy but definitely untrendy pub. Instead of being forced to apologise for a NORth or a BRUnswick label, I had the benison of CANonbury with its overtones of gracious living, Georgian squares and Sunday morning drinks with Sir Basil Spence. Now I live in the less lovely part of Holborn, but instead of stammering out a blushing HOLborn, I can throw off a casual CHAncery, leaving behind me an aura of Inns of Court and a subtle hint of silver vaults.

But now, whether we are exposed or protected by the crucial three letters, we are being reduced to uniform anonymity. When that needling question comes: "Oh, yes, and what part of London is that?" I shall simply say: "Oh, Bloomsbury, actually," and hope for a subtle hint of publishing.

J ROGER BAKER

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

"My understanding of women only goes as far as the pleasure. When it comes to the pain, I don't want to know." These are the words of Alfie, the main character in the new film of that name which recently opened in London. Alfie, a contemporary man if ever there was one, believes that the first duty of every woman he fancies is to provide him with uncomplicated and totally uninvolved pleasure for just as long as he wants it and no longer. He is the most arrogant, self-centred and utterly ruthless, if charming male, to force himself on the public's consciousness for a very long time.

For the world première of this new comedy, Paramount had assembled a first-night audience of some of the best known past and and present London ladykillers and their birds. They went in laughing and joking, but when they emerged two hours later, there was hardly a smile in sight. They looked furtively at each other, and more than a few were distinctly white around the gills. "That is the greatest anti-sex picture ever made," commented film producer Cy Endfield.

The post-mortem continued at the Cockney Pride in Jermyn Street afterwards. How instantly recognisable and believable is Alfie? Is he really typical of the average male?

Not typical

Stanley Baker, so often the film tough guy, said: "Alfie is not the typical Englishman – he is the enlightened Englishman. Ethically, I could not stand him, but personally I reluctantly approved. It was not difficult to see his point of view." He added quickly: "Of course, I am not a bit like him myself. I'm a happily married man with four children."

Michael Caine, the Cockney star who played the part in the film and is one of Britain's most eligible film bachelors, whose taste in women is at least catholic, had obviously thought about it more deeply. "I don't think he is typical of the British male, but there is a lot of him in every man I know. I don't think I am like him, but I can remember when I saw the play that there was the shock of recognition in certain parts. A lot more of us would probably behave like that if we had the courage. Basically we like to sleep with someone and then run away from our responsibilities. Looking at the play I found myself thinking 'There but for the grace of God, go I. . . .' I don't think I am really like him, but I would like to be even less so."

Not perturbed

Terence Stamp, one of the film world's most photographed and controversial bachelors, is obviously in no way perturbed or put out by Alfie. "I don't really know whether Alfie exists, but I know I am not like him in any way. Even when I played the part on the New York stage I did not think about him. He was just a character. I don't relate the characters I play to real life." Here, at least was a man with an easy conscience.

Alexander Plunkett-Green, elegant husband of dress designer Mary Quant, was in no doubt about Alfie. "I found him completely believable and totally recognisable. I know a lot of people whose names I won't mention who are exactly like him. I'm afraid I'm not. I blame it on my Bryanston background. I'm not virile enough for one thing."

It was Mary Quant who gave me the first indication of the woman's view. Here, surely, I would get total condemnation. Not a bit. "I know there are people exactly like Alfie and I find them completely irresistible. They always do come to a sticky end, though, and that is what is so sad. I don't think it is the same end as in the film. I think that, in the end, they get married and become even more pregnant and housebound than the women they marry."

Susannah York had never seen a complete Alfie, although she saw different facets of his character in many people. "He is the sort of person I would find attractive, but I'm sure the tactics would not work with me – I hope."

It was top model Paulene Stone, who is for my money, the most beautiful red-head in London, who showed exactly why there are so many Alfies about. "There are many people just like him," she said, "and I have been out with quite a few of them in my time. Of course they are attractive. They would not be so successful with women if they weren't. I like to think they all come to a sticky end eventually. I'm sure that happens to the ones who don't change. Of course, it is the woman's fault, really. We encourage them."

Not very nice

For my own part, I know I haven't dared look in a mirror since I saw the picture. "It doesn't look very nice, but what does when you get right up to it?" This was how Alfie himself summed it up.

"Alfie" is now running at the Plaza, Piccadilly Circus, and is planned for general release early in May.

Siegi Sessler, indisputedly the best-dressed of Mayfair's club owners, is closing his Charles Street restaurant club for the Easter weekend and taking his family away – for a change. "We are going to Butlin's Holiday Camp at Bognor Regis," he said.

£10,000 and £5,000 gambling chips, the highest denominations in use in the world, are going into use this week at John Aspinall's Clermont Club in Berkeley Square. They have been specially designed by Mark Birley. The £10,000 ones are made of tortoiseshell and the £5,000 ones in ivory. Both cost about £200 each just to manufacture, and they are the size of a large hip-pocket cigarette case.

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A BALLET CALLED SID

When the Western Theatre Ballet comes to Sadler's Wells next week, the programme will include a work that marks a new departure in British ballet. One of the more interesting aspects is that it has been written by a controversial playwright. Here he discusses the project with J Roger Baker.

When asked why he had commissioned a playwright – and a pretty notorious one at that – to create the scenario for his new ballet, choreographer Peter Darrell shrugged: "Well, it's about time ballet indicated it had something to do with the theatre, don't you think?" The casual delivery of the reply lent it an extra potency, revealing the basic policy of the Western Theatre Ballet more effectively than a mass of hand-outs.

Of all the lively arts, ballet is considered by many to be the most divorced from reality, the most stagnant. People like Peter Darrell, who is the Artistic Director of the company, see no reason why it shouldn't reflect aspects of living any more than the straight theatre, the cinema or painting. A typically spikey comment: "Oh, those evenings with Enid Blyton at Covent Garden with their Noddy ir Toyland audiences". And the voice rising to a vicious mimicry: " 'Here comes Merle' and 'Oh dear, Donald's a bit off tonight, isn't he?' "

David Rudkin, the playwright in question, expresses the same feeling when he says: "Ballet has always seemed to me to be a dreamy, candy-floss sort of thing. It is never an escape into reality; its horror and pathos don't impinge on one in any fundamental way, but seem to be a lot of high-powered hokum". He cited examples: two notorious modern ballets – *The Miraculous Mandarin*, a turgid and sadistic tale about a Chinese and a prostitute, danced to what is arguably the most concentrated piece of brutal noise (by Bartok and stunning with it) in history; and *The Rite of Spring*, composed by Stravinsky.

The ballet Rudkin and Darrell have devised has had a number of titles but is now definitely called *Sun Into Darkness* and referred to initially as *SID*.

Darrell has persuaded a playwright to work for him before. Last year John Mortimer did the scenario for *Home*, a study in mental unbalance. Rudkin's contribution has various aspects of importance. For a start it is the first British three-act ballet on a contemporary theme since the war; the Royal Ballet has several full-length ballets in its repertory, but these are either 19th century classics or new productions of something like *Romeo and Juliet*. Other companies prefer to mount five 10-minute works with four 20-minute intervals ensuring soaring bar sales and an audience in a state to give the final offering a hysterical reception.

Annual festival

Sun Into Darkness is set in a West Country village during an annual festival. Says Rudkin: "I wanted something that could be developed into a series of confrontations, and I found the image in August of 1962, straight after Peter Darrell had asked me to think about doing a ballet. My motor cycle broke down on Dartmoor and I had to wait in this remote village for three days. At the garage were two mechanics whom I got to know quite well, but they were shy and diffident. While I was there the village held its annual carnival and these two men dressed up as apes – and, obviously helped by the disguise, became uninhibited, quite different. So I discovered the theme of liberation by disguise and tried to extend this image to other areas of life. I want to extend the image into a social statement. It is a didactic ballet in many ways – not a twee Morris dancing thing. I wish I had set it in Piccadilly Circus.

"My sources of inspiration are both pretty coarse. There's this dressing up with its sexual connotations. A uniform will express what is hidden – it's the secret of acting. Look at Gielgud, a quiet man off stage, yet he can hold audiences spellbound. Secondly, I went to vulgar sexual mythology, the sort of long story you see written on lavatory doors. And there's the landlady myth – the landlady takes in a traveller and asks if he'd like a bath . . . this is the one I have used.

"The carnival setting is important, too. Societies in the past – and some today – have tended to have a regular period of misrule, like the carnival in Rio, or Puck Fair. They are therapeutic. But suppose a carnival does let loose anarchy, then society will pay people back the next day for what it has been allowed to do. So we have a carnival in a village. It is highly ritualistic: a bishop is enthroned and an outsider is chosen for this office. Something awful *does* happen . . .

David Rudkin is notorious for his play *Afore Night Come*, which was performed in repertory by the Royal Shakespeare Company. It took place in a fruit orchard in the Midlands, included an Outsider figure (a student) and its climax was the ritual murder of a tramp. "I was ponked down as the ritual murder bloke through an undergraduate play I wrote six years ago," says Rudkin rather sadly. "There is a murder in the ballet, but I don't want any sensational stories to get about, for it is not a focal point and not a resolution."

New experiment

Apart from Rudkin's basic contribution, *SID* has music specially written by the young Australian Malcolm Williamson and also has a producer, Colin Graham. It promises to be not merely sensational, but imaginatively realised.

Peter Darrell already has another experiment up his sleeve. "Now that we've got a ballet by a writer," he says, "I'm doing a ballet by a painter. He will create paintings and the dancers will be part of them – this will be real action painting."

Sun Into Darkness: Western Theatre Ballet, Sadler's Wells 13 April. More about ballet and London's dance scene on page 51.

MY KIND OF MAN

One girl photographer's idiosyncratic choice

One day photographer Tonia May (that's she in the middle) decided she was bored with constantly seeing the same group of men being described as the most handsome around. While admitting the attractions of the current raves – Brando, Stamp, Nureyev, Jagger, McCallum, etc. – she felt there were masses of equally handsome, if less well known, gents and promptly set out to photograph the 10 most handsome men in London.

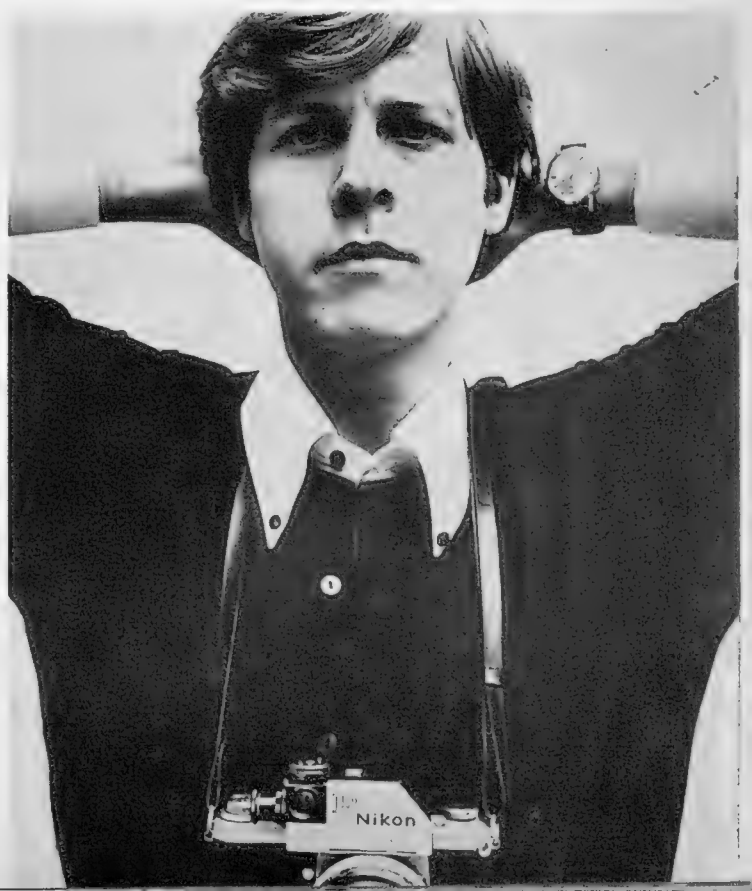
It is a highly personal choice and rejects both the conventional criteria and the fashionable criteria. Tonia's camera ranges from a lad in his late teens to a bloke in his mid-30s; from a sec-mod labourer to a public-school wine-merchant. None of her subjects are well known outside their own sphere. For these reasons it can also be described as a rational and realistic choice. We are not prepared to release addresses or telephone numbers, but any girl who meets one of these men will be confident that it will be face to face, and not from behind a barrier of footlights, publicists or screaming children. Nevertheless Tonia's top ten accord with the prevailing ideas of what makes a man good-looking. It is frequently thought, mistakenly, that since men ceased to wear wigs and knee-breeches their basic looks have been less affected by fashion than those of females. But in the 1920s it was the sleek hair and tiny moustache (John Loder, Douglas Fairbanks); in the 1930s a round-faced, boyish look (Bing Crosby, Ray Milland); in the 1940s certainly short-back-and-sides and chin up (Joseph Cotton, Gene Kelly); the post-war period introduced a touch of romantic flamboyance (James Mason, Stewart Granger); the 1950s saw the rise of a new, tougher image with Brando, Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas in the lead. All these faces are instantly dateable, even if it is impossible to date them.

Today's man is the most sexual: there is calculation about the hair, decoration about the clothes, a loucheness in the stance. To find men of similar aspect one would have to return to the Bohemian fringe of the central years of the last century. Photographs of Chopin reveal a curiously modern look; if one of Rossetti's goitrous girls would look slightly odd today, Rossetti himself could pass barely noticed along the King's Road. Perhaps next year the greenery-yallery Grosvenor-Gallery look will be back.

continued overleaf

Name: *Gerard McCarten.* **Occupation:** *Wine-shipper.* **Born:** *1931 Cheshire.* **Educated:** *St Edward's School. Stonyhurst.* **Married:** *No.* **Club:** *Rasputins.* **Loves:** *Women like Pussy Galore, Mrs Gamp and Jean Shrimpton.* **Hates:** *Women like Manon Lescaut, Cleopatra (and her bloody needle) and Miss J Frunks.*

Name: *Allan Ballard.* **Occupation:** *Photographer.* **Born:** *1943 London.* **Educated:** *Tylers Croft, Kingsbury.* **Married:** *No.* **Club:** *The Gaboo.* **Loves:** *Ultra-long hair and plenty of cleavage.* **Hates:** *False nails, false eyelashes and hair lacquer.*



Continued from Page 13

Name: *Derrick Dean.* **Occupation:** *Labourer.* **Born:** *1941 Stanbridge.* **Educated:** *Rochford Secondary Modern School.* **Married:** *No.* **Club:** *No.* **Loves:** *Artistic women.* **Hates:** *Fat women on beaches.*

Name: *David Elvin.* **Occupation:** *Instrumentalist and vocalist wi[th] Haddock and his Jubilee Lovelies.* **Born:** *1943 London.* **Educated:** *Be[ckenham] School. Southend School of Art. St Martin's School of Art.* **Married:** *Yes. Two.* **Club:** *The Fox.* **Loves:** *Naughty nude women with a voracious [appet]dow-de-dow music.* **Hates:** *Women with Popeye elbows who ride pogo [st]icks.*

Name: *Bill Sewell.* **Occupation:** *Director of animated films.* **Born:** *1922 Sydney.* **Educated:** *Self-educated.* **Married:** *Several times.* **Children:** *Two.* **Club:** *Compton Cinema Club.* **Loves:** *Women who look vulnerable.* **Hates:** *Women who are.*

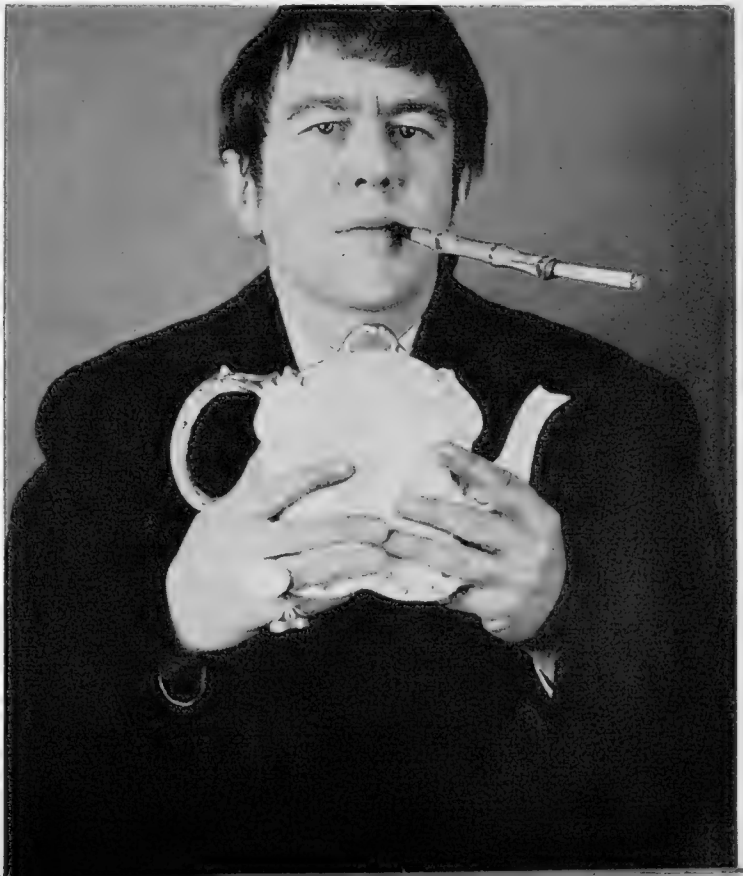
Name: *Malcolm Bird.* **Occupation:** *Dress designer.* **Born:** *19[22] [Lon]* **Educated:** *Grammar School, Rochdale. Rochdale School of Art. [Royal] School of Art. Royal College of Art.* **Married** *No.* **Club:** *No.* **Lov[es]:** *who give him high tea, especially with cucumber sandwiches.* **Hat[es]:** *Courrèges boots and short skirts worn with fat legs.*

ame: *Duncan Dow.* **Occupation:** *Theatrical property maker, shortly opening boutique called 'Hecate.'* **Born:** *1944 Liverpool.* **Educated:** *Loughton Grammar chool, St Martin's School of Art.* **Married:** *No.* **Club:** *Ad Lib.* **Loves:** *Career omen.* **Hates:** *Women who are not funny.*

Name: *Christopher Lynch, foreground.* **Occupation:** *Boutique owner, selling clothes designed and made by himself.* **Born:** *1940 Trinidad.* **Educated:** *St Mary's College, Trinidad. Cornel University, New York.* **Married:** *No.* **Club:** *Cromwellian. Bird Land.* **Loves:** *Women to wear high-heeled shoes.* **Hates:** *Women who don't wear make-up.*

ame: *Tom Bailey.* **Occupation:** *Graphic designer.* **Born:** *1933 London.* **ducated:** *Mathematical School, Rochester. Gravesend School of Art. Canterbury chool of Art.* **Married:** *Yes.* **Children:** *No.* **Club:** *No.* **Loves:** *Insatiable omen.* **Hates:** *Fat toes wearing red nail varnish.*

Name: *Stanley Lench.* **Occupation:** *Painter, also dealing in antiques.* **Born:** *1934 London.* **Educated:** *Southampton Way Secondary School. Royal College of Art.* **Married:** *No.* **Club:** *Hoxton Hall.* **Loves:** *Glamorous women.* **Hates:** *Women who don't look like Marlene Dietrich.*



Jazz Man extraordinary

Benny Green has moved on from alto-sax player to jazz critic t sports writer to the late "Late Show London." We've not heard the last of him, says TONY ASPLER.

"Mr Green is the one whose role in *Three After Six* was to make the ordinary viewer feel he could have done it better: a duty which Mr Green performed as to the manner born." In this sentence television critic Peter Black captured what many viewers must have thought when they watched Benny Green talking.

Mr Black was being ironic about Mr Green, yet behind the barbs is a grudging tribute to the artlessness and candour of a man who by all the rules of showbusiness shouldn't be there at all: he is unglamorous, he has no aura of mystery, no gimmicks – unless you'd count the cockney accent – and (crime of crimes in broadcasting!) he's an amateur.

Therein lies his charm. We have been drugged by the professional pushers of words, talky men who have prattled their way up through boxing commentaries, or disc-jockeyed themselves into the position where theirs is the instant opinion that is always sought at times of national crises like Test Match débâcles and Paris collections. These are the Opinion Makers, the glib fellows with verbal panache. We listen bemused, but when Benny Green reaches for a word we wait – as we do for Patrick Campbell – to hear it because more often than not it's the word we were looking for.

Sad face

No one is indifferent to Mr Green. Like Shredded Wheat. By his own admission he is not everyone's plate of borscht. His sad face divides households and his voice can drive you to reading the telephone book for light relief; or it can delight you with its unexpected turn of phrase and flash of wit. The BG Faction are as fierce in their defence of him as his opponents are in their attacks, and the most damning word in their critical arsenal is "boring."

Says Benny Green: "I was the cartoon for insomnia by Gerald Scarfe in *Private Eye*. I think it's very funny. The general consensus of opinion on *Late Show London* was that I was boring. On *Three After Six* they said I was interesting. So where are you?"

The difference, of course, was that in *Three After Six*, Benny was allowed his head. But as host of *Late Show London*, he had to listen to and control a clutch of rampant egos. As chairman he looked more like a benign wrestling referee whose instinct is to get in there and mix it, but who is doomed to hop round the periphery with a perpetual frown and the occasional word of warning.

Undoubtedly, Benny Green was born too late. He would have been much more comfortable in 5th-century BC Athens, Renaissance Italy, or perhaps in the reign of the first Elizabeth when Jack could be master of all his trades and diversity of talent was not the sole province of the Mensa-minded. Musician, jazz critic, columnist, humorist, essayist, novelist, librettist, song-writer, sports enthusiast – Benny Green's bow is a multi-stringed harp on which he plays not to wound but to please.

"The trouble is," he is quick to point out, "the public is only willing to swallow one aspect of anyone at any one time. For the last 10 years it's always been Benny Green, jazz critic. When I wrote the sports column in *Topic* people didn't think I was the same person. Now it's Benny Green, television talker . . . everything I do uses words. Unlike music, I always had an aptitude for words. Music had to be grafted on. As a kid I was completely tone deaf; I was thrown out of the school and synagogue choirs."

It was Benny's father who made a musician of him. David Green was a saxophone player who started to teach him the instrument at the age of 13. But to begin at the beginning . . . Benny Green was born "on the road" in Leeds on 9 December 1927. His father was playing a three-month stand with a palais band in Yorkshire – if you listen closely you can catch a trace of the accent cutting through the Cockney.

There was always music in the Green household, mostly jazz, and the young Benny got a taste for it. A great friend of the family was the alto player, Harry Hayes, who took over Benny's musical tuition at his father's request. When he was 14, Benny made his public début at his local youth club, where he was editor of the club magazine, and played football and cricket. From 1947 to 1950, after army service in the Education Corps, Benny studied the theory of music and harmony at the London School of Music, all the while playing summer seasons along the south coast and filling in at weddings and local dances.

Lucky break

The break came in 1951 when he played with the Geoff Love Orchestra and from there with such bands as Harry Klein, Dill Jones, Ralph Sharon, Tito Burns, Kenny Baker, Roy Fox and Ronnie Scott. He was nominated The Most Promising Musician of 1953, and one of the high points of his jazz career came in 1956 when he was invited to play two concerts with the Stan Kenton Orchestra, which was touring Britain.

In apparent contradiction of his strong musical principles Benny joined Lord Rockingham's XI (a pop band – not a cricket team) for the television pop show *Oh Boy!* ("My first and only contact with pop music. I was the one in dark glasses. They used to get letters asking who was the blind sax-player.") He met his wife, Toni, during his last professional date on the television show *Steamboat Shuffle*, playing with Kenny Baker. Toni was one of the dancers on the show.

Benny Green's journalistic career ran concurrently with his playing days and it began inauspiciously enough with "what was laughingly called a humorous column on jazz life" in the *Musical Express*. This led to jazz reviewing for the *Record Mirror*, and in 1958 he was approached by Kenneth Tynan, then dramatic critic of the *Observer* and a jazz enthusiast, who asked him if he would like to put in for the jazz critic's post on the paper. The *Observer*'s first critic, Kingsley Amis, was leaving to lecture at Harvard. Thanks to Tynan, Benny Green has been the *Observer*'s

jazz critic ever since – a debt of gratitude he expresses warmly; and the *Observer* has a lot to thank Tynan for, too. Benny Green is the best jazz critic in Britain and his book, *The Reluctant Art*, is considered one of the four best studies of jazz, and described by another critic as "a minor masterpiece."

Benny is especially proud of his chapter on Bix Beidebecke. Though given to hero-worship ("Gershwin's medolic gift, Duke Ellington, and Denis Compton – as an outside left as well as a batsman"), Benny can also be contentious. He had the temerity to describe the Modern Jazz Quartet as "over-rated and effete," which is tantamount in jazz circles to charging the Royal Family with decadence.

Low-brow jazz-lovers' idol Dave Brubeck came in for a similar shellacking. Not content with iconoclasm in his own field, Benny is a compulsive crusader against pop music. ("What cranks me is when grown-up people try to get with-it.") After one particularly savage sortie against the Beatles on a television show, he received an effigy of himself stuck through with needles from an outraged Liverpool Miss. ("I said the way they play rhythm sounds like someone in a surgical boot." He added as a parting shot: "Most pop artists carry a blunt instrument round with them – their brains.")

Radio programme

From writing on jazz, broadcasting on the subject was the natural step. In 1959, Alexis Korner had a jazz programme on the Third and invited Benny to work on it.

"When I heard it was the Third Programme I said, to Teddy Warrick, the producer, 'You know how I speak.' He said, 'We don't need an Oxford voice,' and that was how it started." In 1964 Benny had his own programme, *The Jazz Scene*, on the Light.

With all his other commitments that year, Benny found time to write an opera, *Lysistrata*, commissioned by the Bath Festival, in collaboration with Johnny Dankworth – a happy association of talent that may soon produce a stage musical. At present they are working on the title song for the film *Modesty Blaise*.

On the literary side, Benny has a book of sporting essays under way and two novels in hand – one on his experiences during his first summer season The little time left for leisure is devoted to reading (Shaw and Scott Fitzgerald are his favourites) and listening to music. He plays a bit of cricket ("one of my ambitions is to be a leg-break bowler") and is obsessive in his interest in the game. Books on the subject cram his selves; Wisden is his Bible ("Did you know that the only man to make 2,000 runs and take 200 wickets in a season was George Hirst?"). Neville Cardus is one of his favourite prose stylists. And he has a passion for old movies, especially those with Groucho Marx.

Semantic hurdles

It's one thing to write well and another to talk well. The tortuous route to the fine phrase and fluent style is never seen on paper, but to speak well off the cuff is a gift rather than a craft. Few people are born Ciceros, but there are qualities such as sincerity and enthusiasm that can help one over semantic hurdles. Benny Green has these in abundance, and allied to a healthy sense of humour and an unabashed Cockney accent, he comes across as an engaging, articulate talker – a man who can be seen thinking on his feet.

The accent undoubtedly has been an asset. It is chic and "in," an inverse snob gimmick. Someone told him that the luckiest thing is that he didn't take elocution lessons.

The only criticism that really enrages him is for someone to equate his accent with ignorance. For the most part, Benny Green is self-educated. He has read voraciously and his knowledge of literature is as extensive and refined as any university graduate's. His university was on the road. While touring with bands in the 50s he spent his idle daylight hours with his nose in a book.

Listening to him talk it doesn't sound pompous to hear him say: "Lester Young is such a musical epigrammatist he reminds me of Oscar Wilde." One would never think of comparing jazz and literature. But jazz is Benny Green's Enchanted Garden; it gives him "the greatest mental and physical release, as I imagine getting high or getting drunk would do."

And if the ordinary viewer could speak with the same authority as Benny Green, then perhaps he, too, could perform "as to the manner born."

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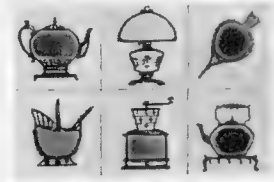

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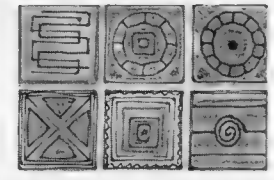

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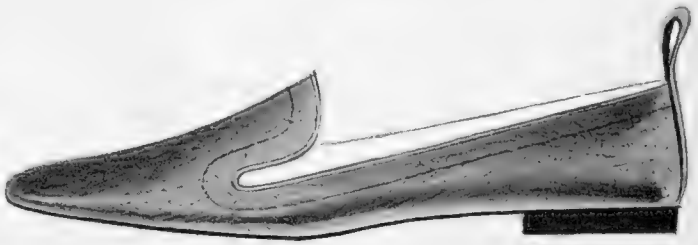

EXPERTS ON THEIR SUBJECTS
TELEVISION COMMERCIALS
BY
PETER THOMPSON

Peter Thompson is managing director of one of the 400 companies in Britain producing television commercials. He started his career as a clapper-boy on the film Kid For Two Farthings *and has produced several feature films.*

Imagine you are a complete stranger suddenly transported into someone's sitting room as they sit relaxing after dinner. You have 30 seconds to "sell" them a product – 30 seconds which are costing the manufacturers of that product several thousands of pounds. That is the problem faced by the television commercial producer. This is essentially an art of this modern age. And I use the word "art" deliberately.

The television commercial may be over in less than a minute. But as much thought, time, money, talent, brains and pure hard graft may go into making that little film as into a full-length feature film. It may be for an oil company worth millions of pounds. It may be for a small struggling business. The effort is the same. I have worked on feature films and I can honestly say I get just as much satisfaction out of successfully completing a 30-second shot for cat meat. Perhaps even more satisfaction because in that short time you have to tell a story convincingly enough to persuade several million viewers to take interest. And that, if they are deeply involved in an emotional drama, is no mean task.

Warmth essential

The last thing you want, as you watch your favourite television show – be it straight play, soap opera or "pop" programme – is for someone to come along and start telling you why brand so-and-so washes / looks / tastes / whiter / smarter/meatier. And yet the industry has managed in 10 years to build itself into an extension of the entertainment business. Jingles become national catch phrases; unknown actors become as well known as star names on the cinema screen. And the latest commercial even makes fascinating bar talk.

But a lot of people tell me that they get angry and irritated with some commercials. Some people don't like little girls being precocious, or frenetic men shouting about soap powder. What they don't realise is that even though they are angry the commercial has served its purpose – it has aroused their interest. They

may say "I'll never buy 'X' product because its commercial annoys me." But at least the name of the product has registered in their subconscious minds. And it is quite possible that the next time they are shopping in a supermarket they will unconsciously pick up that product without realising that the original motivation was a feeling of anger.

This is the psychology of selling and of television commercials in particular. It is the psychology which interests me most, and it is apparent in commercials more than most people realise. The psychology of envy, for instance. A fast car, an open road, a blonde with her hair streaming out in the wind and deep pounding music. Any red-blooded man watching must be thinking: I wish it was me driving that car. The message is that if you use brand "X" petrol, the car and the girl are yours. Impossible, of course, but the image sticks and the next time you drive into a garage you ask for brand "X." Nobody would admit it if you asked him. But the subconscious motivation is there.

The essence of any successful commercial is simplicity. A direct idea, graphically stated, is worth a lot of sales.

EXAMPLE: A firm selling baby powder. They invest a lot of money in one minute's air time. The film shows a baby: immediate maternal instinct reaction among women viewers is set up and their interest is caught. Next shot: the baby being powdered. Finally: the "pack shot" showing a tin of the product. That's all. Simple and to the point.

EXAMPLE: A beauty soap. Film of a girl washing her face, rinsing her face and drying her face. It's a beautiful face – it catches the interest. Women viewers are envious, men attracted. Final shot: a bar of the product covered with suds. Again, simple but direct.

Compulsive jingles

Apart from simplicity, you must have warmth. And the strangest things can be warm – cornflakes or cars. What could be more effective than a six-year-old boy at a breakfast table reading the back of the cornflake packet while his older and exasperated sister urges him to eat, not read. Nobody shouts at you *"go and buy brand 'X' cornflakes."* It just makes mums feel warm and happy because it is a typical family scene. So the brand is associated in their minds with a nice feeling. It could mean a sale next time in the supermarket.

One of the problems with commercials is that commercial breaks are very often the time in many homes when mum rushes off to the kitchen to make snacks, dad picks up the evening paper, and the kids start fighting. To combat that you must catch interest immediately. One way I did this on a "Picnic" commercial was to start with an almighty explosion – then into the humorous situation of the soldier eating his "Picnic" in the trench, with bombs falling around him. But we have to make the point that it's just a manœuvre.

Another problem is that as television advertising becomes more sophisticated and the viewer more satiated there is a great need for originality. Words are not enough because the television air is already full of noise. Silence within the commercial can be meaningful, even startling. Sex is becoming more popular – but used very subtly because the Independent Television Commercial Association, our "watch dog"; comes down very hard on direct sex. But the subtle ways of using sex in a symbolic fashion are known to most advertising men.

Basically, there are five points to good commercial making. Tell it straight – arrows don't turn corners. Tell it simply – you have an audience only as long as you are interesting. Say less – people are bored with too much talk. Remember – you are a visitor in a stranger's home.

Lady Sarah Curzon married racing driver Piers Courage at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on Tuesday, 29 March. The bride wore an Edwardian-style dress of white organza, and was attended by five pages.

ALL BRIDES ARE BEAUTIFUL

London Life photographer JOHN BENTON HARRIS chose the six brides on these pages . . . Just a few of the brides who every week make London a little lovelier.

Cruise for the winner of Easter bridge

More than 90 ardent forcible Frenchmen, with their entourage of supporters, will be arriving in London over the Easter weekend to flaunt their bridge skills against some of the leading British and European bridge champions. They will compete in an Easter bridge tournament to be held at the Europa Hotel, Grosvenor Square on 8, 9 and 10 April.

Sponsored and organised by the *Guardian* newspaper and the Grand Metropolitan Hotels, a tournament of this size has never before been held in England. Mr Harold Franklin, tournament director, says: "This is the first occasion in England in which we have run a tournament for prizes of any value and attracted so many players from abroad." All 360 entrants, including 30 Belgian, Danish and Swiss competitors, will battle for such prizes as a first-class cruise to South Africa, a TV set, a refrigerator, a weekend in Monte Carlo and 50 consolation awards.

The two main events are a pairs championship and a team of four contest and will be licensed by the English Bridge Union. Mrs Rixi Markus, a master player, British international and Bridge Editor of the *Guardian*, is responsible for the organisation of the play. She says: "Bridge as a mental sport both with the young and old has certainly taken over from chess. Lecturing in universities I have found the young very keen to learn."

Among some of the master players competing with the French contingent will be Mr Konstan, Bridge Correspondent on the *Sunday Times*, Mr Priday, Bridge Editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, 25-year-old Mr Cansino, who has played for England in the European championships, and 21-year-old Erwin Rose, a bridge international player. All details and application forms can be obtained from Harold Franklin, Tournament Director, Grand Metropolitan Hotels, 17B Curzon Street, W1. HYD 7806.

ALL BRIDES ARE BEAUTIFUL *continued*

Maria Megaga married Stanley de Suza at Farm Street Church on Saturday, 26 March. The bride, who is Spanish, wore a white wild silk dress with petal embroidered panels. Her windblown veil completes a perfect picture.

Shirley Rouse married Antony Hardcastle, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on Friday, 25 March. The bride's white silk dress was embroidered with organza flowers at the neck. Mr Hardcastle is a supervisor consultant on management.

Fiona McKay married Tegla Hooper at Farm Street Church, on Saturday, 26 March. Mr Hooper works in Courtaulds. The bride wore a Victorian-style lace dress. They will live in Derbyshire, where the bride may continue to teach speech and drama.

Sarah Clifford-Wing married George Steer at St Michael's, Chester Square, on Friday, 25 March. Mr Steer is a banker. The bride wore a wild silk dress with lace embroidered bodice.

Carolyn Ramsey married Michael Conway at St James's, Piccadilly, on Saturday, 26 March. The bride wore a white satin dress, the bodice inset with lace. The bridesmaids' dresses were pale gold wild silk, and they carried gold posies. Michael Conway is an executive of Union Castle.

Top to Toe Beauty Treatment happens here

Here at No. 3 Grafton Street, expert hands can actually create beauty...A relaxing all-over massage gets rid of ageing tension. The exclusive Volcanotherm treatment slims off those unwanted inches (from your legs, too–remember, Paris says skirts will stay short, so legs will stay in fashion focus)!

Next, your facial, lying back in absolute bliss...the most thorough cleansing, toning and nourishing treatment you've ever had. Look at that lovely skin. Now you're ready for the world's most famous make-up. Your features come to life with a beauty you never knew you had...and that new trend-setting hairstyle is you–beautiful!

EXCLUSIVE! EYE LASH TINTING...keeps your lashes dark and silky for months!

Helena Rubinstein

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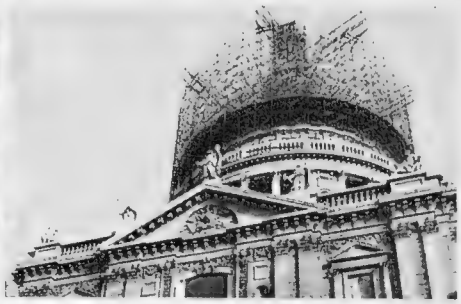
THIS IS THE CITY



MR John Smith, Conservative MP for the City, says: "We make the money the politicians spend. We here are the engine-room staff of the Ship of State. It does not help the voyage if the officers on the bridge basking in the sunlight start shouting rude and unintelligent noises down the voice-pipe and yanking the engine-room telegraph about. I feel it is high time some of us emerged on deck to explain matters. And anyone who has been on board ship knows what an impression is created when the engineers appear on deck. It is very bad for the country to speak about City interests as if they were a separate matter. You would think sometimes that half of us in the City were 'Goldfingers' and the other half were 'Butterfingers.' But we are just ordinary people doing an arduous job rather well. At the Battle of Trafalgar, after Nelson had sent his famous message, his second-in-command Admiral Collingwood (the acorn planter) said, 'I do wish Nelson would stop signalling. We all know perfectly well what we have to do.'"

Reserved spaces in the car park underneath London Wall cost £2 per week. This is certainly one of the exclusive car parks of London and has one of the finest collections of smart expensive modern cars in Europe.

Some City churches: All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower; St Andrew by the Wardrobe; St Andrew Undershaft; St Bride; All Hallows on the Wall and St Botolph. The Vicar of St Botolph's, the Reverend R S Moore, says: "There are a number of alcoholics and meths drinkers of the worst variety in this parish. They do anything to give themselves some sort of a sensual kick. The Salvation Army Hospital in Middlesex Street has 800 beds, most of them full. The Salvation Army people look after them pretty well – bed and breakfast for 7s 6d. A lot of them sleep on seats at Liverpool Street Station. It's like parking meters. When the sleeper's time expires on one, the police move him on to another."

The Royal Mint produces an average of £15,303,357 coins per week. 144,462 pennies are spent in a year. Until April 1943 notes for £20, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000 were being issued and were legal tender until May 1945. There are £1,500,000 still outstanding, including 71 notes of £1,000.

From St Alphage Highwark, appropriately built over but still exposing to public view the Old Roman Wall of London, it is possible to get a fair idea of what the City, and eventually the rest of London, is changing into. Huge tower blocks soar symmetrically skywards and the older buildings of historic interest, carefully preserved, nestle against the massive concrete legs on which the new buildings stand. Traditional vistas have been preserved. In Paternoster Square, an oasis of scrubbed concrete between great glass skyscraping buildings, you can see almost the whole of the scaffold-encased dome of St Paul's, and the top of the Old Bailey, with the statue of Justice gleaming gold.

Some of the lesser-known wards of the City of London: Bread Street, Vintry, Castle Baynard, Candlewick, Cheap, Poultry.

The Bank of England maintains a constant capital of £14.6 million. One thousand million pounds worth of gold ingots are in the vaults; £900 million worth of which is owing to creditors who have helped us. Christmas and August Bank Holiday are the peak note circulation periods. The record stands at £2,815 million.

Four hundred thousand tons of meat and poultry pass through Smithfield Market annually. Up to 350 tons of fish are dealt with daily at Billingsgate.

Port of London: Position: 51 degrees 30 minutes North. Zero degrees 5 minutes West. Leading port of the United Kingdom, situated on both banks of the Thames. Principal imports: grain, meat, fruit and other foodstuffs, raw materials, wools, skins and hides, tea, coffee, wines, spirits, timber. Principal exports: manufactured goods. Area, including warehouses: 3,981 acres. Water area of basins and docks: 666 acres. Linear quayage: 36 miles.

The City of London has had the right of market since the Roman Conquest. In AD 61 Tacitus described it as "A busy emporium for trade and traders."

DICTUM MEUM PACTUM (My word is my bond): In the late 17th century the early stockbrokers used to meet in the old Royal Exchange. Later they carried out their business in the coffee houses around Change Alley – which is why the uniformed attendants at the Stock Exchange today are still called waiters. The Stock Exchange attracts business from all over the world, mainly because of its reputation and because of the reputation of the pound for being absolutely and scrupulously honest. Indirectly, the Stock Exchange influences two out of every three people in England, whose money is invested one way or another – in investment trusts, pension funds from the large public companies, trade unions, savings banks and insurance societies. There are two types of members of the Stock Exchange – brokers and jobbers. Brokers act as agents for the clients. Jobbers deal as wholesalers in stocks and do not come into contact with the public. The floor of the Stock Exchange accommodates 2,500 of these serious-minded, sober-suited gentlemen. The waiters in blue-and-red livery and gold-braided top hats and the Government brokers in their tall top hats add colour. Proceedings are extremely informal. jobbers and brokers lean around the walls and against pillars and scribble details of enormous deals on tiny scraps of paper. Traditionally, when a non-member somehow manages to find his way on to the Stock Exchange floor, the cry goes up: "I spy a stranger." Another strange tradition is the flicking of paper pellets at financial adversaries this happens all the time. Plans for rebuilding the Stock Exchange have finally been approved.

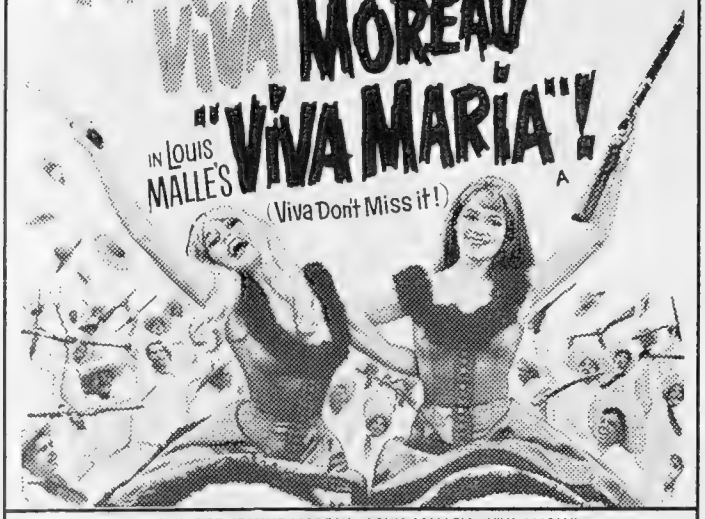
The Arms of The City: Argent, a cross gules, in the first quarter a sword in pale, point upwards, of the last. Crest: a dragon's sinister wing argent, charged with a cross gules. Supporters: on either side a dragon with wings elevated and endorsed argent, and charged on the wing with a cross gules. Motto: "Domine dirige nos."

Like many of the City's commercial and financial enterprises, Lloyd's began in the coffee houses in the second half of the 17th century. Lloyd's coffee house, from being a meeting place for City merchants who backed insurance polices, became a centre of marine intelligence and insurance. Today, with its headquarters in Lime Street off Leadenhall Street, Lloyd's is the largest insurance market in the world.

The 677 acres of the City has to handle 450,000 commuters every day. The night-time population is only 5,000.

Viva **Fun!** Viva **Can-Can!** Viva **Adventure!**
Viva **Strip-Tease!** Viva **Love!** Viva **Boom-Boom!**

VIVA BARDOT
VIVA MOREAU
IN LOUIS MALLE'S "VIVA MARIA"!
(Viva Don't Miss it!)



BRIGITTE BARDOT · JEANNE MOREAU in LOUIS MALLE'S "VIVA MARIA"
also starring GEORGE HAMILTON
Produced by OSCAR DANCIGERS and LOUIS MALLE
Directed by LOUIS MALLE
A Franco-Italian Co-Production Nouvelles Editions de Films Les Productions Artistes Associes S.A. Paris and Vides Cinematografica Rome)
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UNITED ARTISTS

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SEE
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FOR 7d

You can't get tickets for love or money. The next best thing is today's new Woman's Mirror. It's got an exclusive rundown of the kind of person Barbra Streisand *really* is. (You may think it's more entertaining than the show.) And there are dozens of other fascinating features. Don't just sit there. Go and buy it.

New Woman's Mirror tells you more.

(Isn't that what you've been waiting for?) 7d.

Ever had a Missionary's Downfall? Ever eaten Pago Pago Chicken?—Lead the lush life at the Beachcomber! *Things to watch for:* Tropical thunderstorms—Live alligators—The saronged beauties who serve you. Dreamy!—AT THE MAY FAIR HOTEL—3 bands swing nightly. Open 6.30—1.30 a.m. (*Sunday* 7-11). Table d'Hote dinner 37/6—Reservations: MAY 7777—*ask for Tony Lianos*. Drop into the separate ALOHA BAR; opens from 5.30—11 (*Sunday* 7-10.30).

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WHAT PEOPLE ARE EATING

Mary Quant eating an Avocado with champagne at a normal working lunch in her flat at Draycott Place.

Piero Roberti (left), who works for an Italian petrol company in London, lunching at Don Luigi's in the King's Road. Otherwise thoroughly Anglicized – he read modern languages and history at Cambridge, and Peter Thorneycroft is his stepfather – he remains faithful to Italian cuisine: *e molto sano* – "it's very healthy."

Laya Raki (below), the film actress, at The Sands in Bond Street, eating a tortilla tortuga, which is very popular in this restaurant; it has so far sold more than 20,000 of them.

His Excellency Bader Mulla (right), former Secretary of State to the Emir of Kuwait. He is a multi-millionaire now resident in London, and in business with Kuwait. His guest is **Alicia Guma,** a Puerto Rican socialite travelling round the world. They are eating at the White Tower Restaurant, Percy Street, and chose a Persian tava . . . a perfect Anatolian ragout made with lamb, onions, cummin seed and tomatoes.

Carlos Pierre (above), Portuguese film star, with his fiancée **Tessa Wright,** at the Gattopardo Restaurant in James Street. They are eating Patto di pollo a la superba, which is breast chicken fillets, lightly stuffed with veal and crisp fried with green and red peppers.

Martine Carol (left), the French film actress, eating breakfast in bed at 3 pm in her Regent's Park house. She is eating oeufs Benedictine and toast, as she never has lunch. She prefers a glass of iced milk to French coffee.

Michael Denison and his wife **Dulcie Gray** (below), at L'Opera in Great Queen Street. He is eating oeuf poche aux fruits de mer and filets de sole Margury. She is eating pate de faisan and medaillon de veau a la creme et champignons.

Mrs Jane Buchanan-Michaelson (above), a socialite, and niece of Lord Bridport. Her husband is a property developer. Lunching with her at the Tiberio in Queen Street is Mme Mercedes Lucidi. They are eating escalope Val d'Ostana, made with cheese, ham and white truffles.

Lady Moynihan (left), at the Pigalle, has a meal before her very strenuous belly-dancing act. She is eating an "assiette anglaise" of cold beef, ham and duck garnished with pear, green peppers and salad.

Pictures by John Kelly and John Benton Harris

ANGELA INCE

This week the film *Viva Maria* opens at the Curzon Cinema and will, according to the fashion editors, herald a new return of femininity to women's clothes in this country. I only hope they're right. And I only hope that frillier clothes will mean a frillier attitude to life all round. Women have eagerly spent this century in trying to become as much like men as possible; and in the process of gaining equal rights, equal pay, and the privilege of wearing trousers when we feel like it, we have lost nearly all the advantages our grandmothers took for granted.

What, actually, have we gained? Clothes that are exquisitely flattering to a 17-year-old with pipe-cleaner legs, but fairly disastrous to nearly anyone else . . . the right to spend all day working in a stuffy office with a lot of cross old men . . . the ability to change a car wheel in pouring rain (and boast about it later) . . . the privilege of listening to dirty jokes and bad language with a broadminded, with-it smile pasted on our face . . . the right of running a home and a career, with cross looks from husband or boss if either is less than perfect . . . and the fact that the only kind of woman a man might just possibly give up his seat to, these days, would be a 50-year-old pregnant mother with a broken arm and a crutch. And then she'd be lucky.

What have we thrown away in exchange for all this lovely freedom? The right to retire to a chaise-longue in a darkened room at the faintest whiff of anything d i s t r e s s i n g . . . waists, bosoms and hips, which seem to have disappeared somewhere along the line . . . the kind of décor against which women could arrange themselves becomingly (it is difficult to be a frail, bird-boned creature against a background made up of brisk Scandinavian furniture and stark white walls) . . . the idea that if a man so much as said "Damn" in your presence, the only decent thing he could do would be to enrol in the Foreign Legion . . . and, above all, the impression cunningly put about by our grandmothers that their constitutions were too frail for them to so much as pick up a handkerchief for themselves.

I personally can't wait to get back to the darkened room and the scented handkerchief. And if *Viva Maria* is going to achieve that for me, then Viva, say I, good old Maria.

The ski-ing season is sliding to its slippery close, and I am probably the only person in England who is singing about it. There must be somebody else in the country who regards ski-ing with the same mixture of animal fear and exhausted boredom that I do.

You can pick me out on the ski slopes a mile away. I am the girl with frozen hands, wet hair, a red face, a sullen snarl. I am the girl whose ski-clothes, no matter how elegantly they start out, end up looking like a crumpled boiler suit. I am also the girl with the torn ligament and the chilblained foot, not to mention the ricked ankle and the bent-back thumb. All ski-lifts, to me, are terrifying preliminaries to an even more terrifying activity; all skis are planks of wood with wayward minds of their own; all ski-instructors are sadists with white teeth.

I am not a bad sport, actually. I am not a good sport, either – nor, for that matter, any kind of a sport at all. But I can recognise a good sport when I hear one. I listened with envy to the telephone conversation of a colleague in the office who has just come back from Zermatt. "I had such a marvellous time," she said enthusiastically. "It really was a perfect holiday, it couldn't have been better. I cracked two ribs," she added casually.

That wraps it up – for me, anyway. I am far too much of a coward to enjoy a holiday for which it is considered essential to insure against breakage of limb. And if there is anybody else around who feels about skiing as I do, I'd be grateful if they'd write and say so.

While I am all for equality, and more than delighted to hear that women are going to be recruited as driving instructors, I can't help feeling that the idea that women will take instructions better from another woman can only have been put forward by a man. It is quite galling enough to hear a male voice telling you your gear changes are atrocious: it will be twice as irritating in the piping head-girl tones of a woman. And in any case, if you confine two women in the enclosed space of a car, they will tend to be either frivolous or catty.

I can just imagine how the conversation will go. It will be either: "I say, what stunning driving-shoes – where did you get them?"

"Yes, aren't they super? I bought them at a marvellous shop just off the – oops, mind that bus."

Or: "No, dear, no; you must get it into your head that you *can't* change *gear* without *using* the clutch."

"My husband says that no *really feminine* woman is ever very good at driving cars."

FASHIONS IN A TURKISH DELIGHT ATMOSPHERE

A new type of nightclub opens in Hampstead this week, and plans to present twice-nightly fashion shows, waitresses looking like extras from a Fry's Turkish delight ad. and private booths. The 71 Club, at 71 Compayne Gardens, NW6, is modelled on fashion show nightspots which have become popular on the East Coast of America.

The club is the brainchild of dance-hall operator Bob Druce, 27, who explains: "I am looking for members a little older and more sophisticated than the average discothèque clientele. They will see fashion shows put on by designers from London, Paris and New York. We are aiming for *Avengers*-type clothes . . . leather outfits, slightly kinky stuff, you know. I hope it will become a showcase for the rag trade, and something unique on the night-life scene."

The club premises, refreshingly away from the normal West End nightclub beat, used to be a teenage discothèque and £5,000 has been spent on rebuilding and decoration. The first floor has been turned into a gambling area with roulette, blackjack, chemmy and poker, and there is the usual mini dance floor with music provided by a modern jazz trio.

Five Models

With shows changed once a week, the clothes will be displayed by five full-time models and any customer can order an outfit. Three tables will be turned into private booths, with heavy black drapes screening them from the gaze of other diners – presumably for lovers or people with bad inferiority complexes. And the food and drink will be served by young ladies dressed in brightly coloured harem costumes.

"Well," said Mr Druce, "it's different." Two weeks before opening night, the paid-up membership list was well up in the hundreds. "I take this as an indication that plenty of people are looking for this sort of club – something out of the ordinary and a bit exotic."

KING OF THE CROSS-BOW

An arrow flies at 400 miles an hour down a suburban back garden and buries itself in a canvas target set up against a pile of rubbish. Ken Dendle, 32-year-old escapee from accountancy and market research, is testing the latest product of his one-man garden-shed industry – a cross-bow. At an average of one a week, he turns out these medieval weapons which sell in shops for prices between £27 and £60, depending on their decorative finish.

The spirits of Hastings and Agincourt haunt the garden in Mount Ararat Road, Richmond, where Ken Dendle (*pictured right*) has been making his cross-bows for three years, and he likes to pay them the compliment of dressing in character. He wears high boots, a leather jerkin, leather belt with quiver and dagger, the whole effect topped-off with an old Lucas car headlamp shell which does service as a Genoese cross-bowman's helmet. For all his medieval gear he is in serious business and makes a high-precision weapon with which he has won most of the trophies that can be competed for and, last year, was the British National Cross-bow Champion.

The modern cross-bowmen of England now number several hundreds, and their activities are controlled by the British Field Archery Association through whom, for a membership fee of 5s a year, they can insure for up to £25,000 against accidentally hitting the nobility or peasantry. Almost every Sunday of the year clubs round London, in places like Harwell, Tring, Teddington and Brands Hatch, meet for a shoot.

Not for them the genteel shooting at fixed distance targets on a level sward or borrowed barrack parade ground in Chelsea – that is the sport of the longbowmen, and much favoured by the ladies. The English cross-bowman likes his shooting rough. Targets, shaped like animals, are set up in woods and on cliff sides, up and down hills and valleys, in the most awkward of places, with distance-deceiving hidden hollows between butt and target. (The skill in shooting with the cross-bow is in judging distance, and holding the weapon level. Aiming itself is easy.) Competitors have to shoot from precarious footholds and walk through bramble and mud, wade rivers and climb sandpits over courses longer than an average golf course, firing at 28 targets. To make a "kill" on a target they must hit the animal where its lungs would be. Rump or head are only "wounds" and score fewer points.

The footwork is energetic; bowmen need strong arms and stomach. The string of the bow is drawn by placing the butt of the stock against the stomach and pulling the string back 14½ inches past the latch which holds it until the trigger is pulled. On a standard cross-bow it requires an 80-lb pull to draw the bow. Or approximately the same pull as would be required to lift six portable typewriters.

Ken Dendle makes his cross-bows entirely by hand except for a small power drill and an electrically driven buffing wheel for polishing the metal parts. The stocks are made of hard wood – teak, walnut or mahogany – and the bows of high tensile aluminium which does not rust, jar or vibrate as the old steel bows did.

They are light to carry – only 4 lb complete weight – silent and deadly accurate on a sixpence at 100 yards. So effective, so sinister is their potential that since some were sold to Russia with hypodermic tips, their export is now subject to Ministry of Defence control.

Vanessa Redgrave (top) plays Leonie, the young divorcee in *Morgan – A Suitable Case For Treatment*, based on David Mercer's prizewinning BBC-TV play. David Warner (top right) plays Morgan, a young misfit who escapes from reality into a fantasy world in which he sees himself as a gorilla. He kidnaps his ex-wife (opposite page) in an attempt to re-awaken her interest in him, but, as his condition deteriorates, he is committed to an asylum following his nightmares in which everyone he loves, including Leonie (above), combine to destroy him in an execution scene which Reisz plays for black comedy.

Even for the elder daughter of a famous acting family, stardom can be elusive. Vanessa, tousled six-footer of the Redgrave family, emerges as a film star in her own right with Karel Reisz's *Morgan – A Suitable Case For Treatment*, due in the West End this month. She has only made one previous film but "it was a traumatic experience and I was dreadful in it." But suddenly the girl is no longer too tall, the bones too big or the legs too long, and a lovely, graceful actress is a case for star treatment.

VANESSA: A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT

THE WILD LIFE

London is as much a jungle as any city in the world. Jungle law applies among the steel and concrete canyons of the city as much as it does in the depths of the Congo or along the torrid, teeming banks of the Amazon. The fittest survive. Man is king because he is the fittest.

In prehistoric times the primitive Londoner lived in sub-Arctic conditions side by side with the mammoth, hippopotamus, sabre-toothed tiger, bison and roe deer. By the Middle Ages wolves, boars, forest bulls, stags and wild cats ran amuck in what is now Fulham.

Today when traffic is the menace, the city is no place for animals. Those that live in the city are without exception parasites, dependent one way or another on humans for their living. Some of them, like the pigeons and the sparrows, are attractive. But others, like the spiders, flies and rats, are less welcome. Neither is the city the natural environment for any animal. All the same, some species have managed to adapt themselves to live side by side with Londoners, making their homes in the buildings and feeding off the scraps that Londoners leave about in such profusion.

There are many beautiful varieties of butterflies, and 31 types of the larger variety of moths – the largest of which is the death's head moth which can easily be mistaken for a bat when it's flying – and three different sorts of snails and two different sorts of slugs. In the gardens of Buckingham Palace there are at least 21 different kinds of spider, one of which is gloriously called *Pirata piratica*. But these are just natives of London and do not include the many migrant birds that pause in their long flights among the green of London's parks.

Nor do they include the strange variety of insects and small animals imported in the cargoes of ships from foreign ports. Most of these, fortunately, do not get beyond the warehouses that line the Thames. But in the banana ripening rooms at the docks, tarantulas and snakes are an everyday hazard. Nor do these figures include the fish in the Thames and in the ponds and docks.

Fox in dockland

Despite what many Londoners think, foxes *do* live in the city. On Hampstead Heath and Putney Common and in Richmond Park you might almost give them the status of being common, and from time to time they have even ventured into the centre of the City. One lived in a woodpile in London's dockland for several months, and there is the strange story of one playful fox that stole golf-balls off the fairways of a famous London club. When members of the four at the 18th tee shouted "*Yoicks, tally-ho!*" at seeing the culprit in the act of running off with a ball, it took absolutely no notice but simply ran off with nonchalant equanimity.

In the square mile of the City alone there are at least 269 different kinds of wild flowers, weeds, grasses and ferns, including: enchanter's nightshade, coltsfoot, buttercups, dandelions, ragwort, creeping thistle, sowthistle, Canadian fleabane; shepherd's purse, swine's-cress, mouse ear, chickweed and knotgrass; stinging nettles, plaintain, docks, goosefoot, Dutch clover and penny cress; opium poppies and the evening primrose; rape, cabbage and parsley. There are three different varieties of rat: the black rat (*Rattus rattus rattus*), the Alexandrine rat (*Rattus r. alexandrinus*) and the tree or roof rat (*Rattus r. frugivorous*). There are 31 different kinds of birds, including the carrion crow, rook, jackdaw, magpie, jay, starling, hawfinch, greenfinch, goldfinch, bullfinch, chaffinch, corn-bunting, wood lark, sky lark, house sparrow, grey wagtail, tree creeper, nuthatch, great tit, blue tit, coal tit, marsh tit, willow tit, goldcrest, mistle-thrush, blackbird, stonechat, robin, wren, kingfisher, woodpecker, owl, kestrel-hawk, heron, swan, Canadian goose, mallard, teal, tufted duck, grebe, dabchick, woodpigeon, snipe, lapwing, coot, pheasant, partridge and the London pigeon. There are 55 sorts of insects, including humble bees, bumble bees, queen bees, and great water beetles. The strange drone beetle can be heard on any fine summer night droning around and colliding violently with walls and trees and getting entangled in bushes. Then there is the Devil's coach horse beetle, the tiger beetle, the trapdoor spider . . .

The docks have a jungle world of their own. The cats are the kings in the docks, but they are so well fed that they are completely ineffective in keeping down the number of rats. They are fighting a losing battle and long ago came to an amicable arrangement with their prey. Molluscs and eels thrive in the water systems and water pipes of some towns but luckily London's water system is well filtered. The myth about the crocodile craze that swept New York recently and resulted in tales of hundreds of fully grown crocodiles in the sewers is untrue. It could certainly never happen in London.

Around the outer limits of the city are the reservoirs that contain the water supplies for the city. Stored in vast man-made lakes before being filtered, these great sheets of water have become natural bird sanctuaries. They are quiet, clean, and food is always available. Mallard, teal, widgeon, tufted duck, grebe, Canadian geese, swans, coot, snipe and moorhen can be seen regularly at the right time of year.

The black-headed gull, the chief scavenger bird of London, probably starts its day on a reservoir in the suburbs, from where it is driven by hunger to a railway junction like Willesden or Clapham to pick up the early morning scraps. Then it may try the parks at lunchtime and hustle a few stale crumbs from an old man's hand. Teatime at the sewerage, then back to

London teems with more forms of exciting fauna and flora than the average Londoner perhaps ever thought possible. He is far more concerned with shaping its canyons of steel and concrete to know what is happening under his feet, in the sky, on the waterways or in the parks. Yet London can boast a wild life jungle as prolific and concentrated as any city in the world, says HUGH BLACKWELL.

Staines for dinner and a bit of mating. Sad isn't it?

Pigeons are much the same really – they just have a little more class. Pigeons have been living in London for over five centuries. There were pigeons on St Paul's in the 15th century . . . the Bishop of the time complained that people who were throwing stones at them were breaking the Cathedral windows! It is a strange fact that pigeons only choose to settle in large numbers on the most famous of our national monuments. They ignore the giant gas-holders of Battersea, cinema roofs and the new tower blocks and settle instead on Eros and Nelson.

Then there are London's crows, filling the air with their rusty, ghoulish, penetrating cries that strike terror into the hearts of pigeons, sparrows and mice. In London they are just as likely to nest on Primrose Hill or Clifford's Inn as some begrimed corner of Euston Station marshalling yards. The city's crows, on the whole, have few enemies, although occasionally they do battle with herring gulls high above the Thames. Otherwise they live a relatively undisturbed life.

Steeplejacks have discovered kestrels nesting on the tops of gasometers. A small colony of common or garden snails lives in the area between London Wall and Fore Street and are preyed on by rats and cats and mice. Starlings live a very well-ordered life in London. Their city is divided into three zones – an outer zone extending to the suburbs, where they roost at night; an inner zone, where they feed during the day; and a central zone centred on Charing Cross, Shaftesbury Avenue, High Holborn and Parliament Square.

The terrorists

Red squirrels have flourished in English woodlands for centuries living a quiet, relatively undisturbed life, till the middle of the 19th century. And then grey squirrels, for no known reason, were imported from Canada in 1860 and released in and around London. These much bigger and stronger and more aggressive grey squirrels terrorised the red squirrels and drove them farther and farther out of London. By 1923 there were 150-200 grey squirrels in Regent's Park, where they bred very rapidly and soon got out of hand. In the early 'fifties, 2,000 were shot in Richmond Park alone. Today their numbers are kept rigidly under control.

The most colourful creatures in London are the butterflies. Red admirals, painted ladies, peacocks, clouded yellows, small tortoiseshells, meadow browns and brimstones all exist somewhere in London, many of them in the City itself. The biggest British butterfly, the giant Camberwell beauty, has not been seen in London for years, let alone in Camberwell. In fact, it's 10 years since one was last seen flying into the Natural History Museum.

Legions of insects swarm in the sky, birds from all over the world crowd on our roofs and on the reservoirs and lakes in our parks. Rats teem in the sewers and docks. Algae and molluscs and bacteria breed in the water, weeds and flowers grow between our feet. Cats and birds prey on rats and mice that prey on grubs and snails that prey on mites – and the average Londoner hardly even notices! He's too busy changing things to care . . . or he just doesn't know.

From 23-30 April it is National Nature Week, and Prince Philip will open *The Observer Magazine* Wild Life Exhibition at the Alexandra Palace on 21 April on behalf of the Council for Nature, of which he is the very active patron. The aim of the National Nature Week is to increase city people's awareness of the flora and fauna around them and to acquaint them with the various ways that civilisation threatens animals and plants. Many important organisations will be taking part in the exhibition, including the Nature Conservancy, the London Zoo, the Forestry Commission, the National Parks Commission, the Wildfowlers Association, the Ministry of Agriculture, the Central Electricity Generating Board and many trade exhibitors.

A series of exhibits on Man and Nature will trace the influence of agriculture on the countryside since prehistoric times. There will be a special exhibition by the Royal Photographic Society of the world's finest animal pictures. The supersonic noise of living bats will be amplified electronically and a working model of a volcano will steam and bubble throughout the week.

Drawings by Barry Driscoll

I'm the greatest star

Can Barbra Streisand get away with a song with such a title? We'll see when *Funny Girl* opens at the Prin e o' Wales on 13 April, says J. ROGER BAKER, who explains the three main reasons why the American musical cr ates such lavish excitements this side of the Atlantic, and why *Funny Girl* may be just too much for some c tics.

American musicals create a sense of excitement usually quite out of proportion to their actual value on the market. Each fresh import is heralded with an even greater fanfare than its predecessor. *Funny Girl* is the most potent example since *My Fair Lady*. The theatre was deluged with an unmanageable flood of advance bookings and one customer wrote a polite letter quietly inquiring how it was that the first night had been sold out before either the theatre or the opening date had been announced. This is because keen applicants apply direct to the impresario as soon as it is known that the show is definitely coming.

The reason for this general tizz most probably springs from deficiencies in the home-grown product. British musicals are perhaps artistically more pleasing than American ones – the story coherent, the music intelligent, the direction well integrated. But they lack, firstly, good standard songs, and even Lionel Bart has only achieved this once. Secondly, the conditions under which a British female musical star could develop are absent; and, lastly, native reticence prohibits that overblown, theatrical vulgarity which audiences frankly adore. The climate does not encourage a visual number like *Hello Dolly* or stimulate the big, simple emotional outbursts like *So in Love*.

Funny Girl contains these three elements – each at a maximum state of development. In fact, it is a safe prophecy that a number of London's theatre critics are going to find the whole thing just too much. The show, which opened in New York in March, 1964, is based on the early life of Flo Ziegfeld's comedienne, Fanny Brice, taking it up to her final break with Nick Arnstein. In 1925, *Vanity Fair* – the most swinging American magazine of the inter-war years – nominated Fanny Brice for its hall of fame: "Because, from the humblest beginnings on the East Side of New York, she came to be acclaimed as the best comedian on the musical-comedy stage; because she made the trial of Nicky Arnstein, her husband, one of the most diverting on record; because she is a financial genius of high rank; and finally because her mastery of pathos, mingled with her extraordinary sense of the comic, has brought her to stardom for Belasco."

Quite a lot to live up, both for the composer of the show and for the girl playing the title role. The book for the musical was written by Isobel Lennart and the show was put on in America by Ray Stark, who is married to Fanny Brice's daughter, Frances. Its antecedents are therefore impeccable.

The script also lends itself well to the special talents of its composer, Jule Styne, who has explored similar territory before, in *Gypsy*; backstage tears and chuckles, interpolated with affectionate pastiches of theatrical forms that now have a patina of nostalgia. In *Gypsy* it was vaudeville: its travelling troupes and comedians and later its strippers ("If you want to bump it, bump it with a trumpet"). In *Funny Girl* it is the Ziegfeld Follies with the glitter, grand staircases and general campery of its big production numbers that Styne re-creates.

Jule (say it "Julie") Styne is, surprisingly, the son of a Russian-born Bethnal Green egg inspector. But he went to America when he was eight: "When I came back in 1956," he relates, "I went to look at our old hous -11 Ducal Street. They were teari g it down. But I managed to salvag the nameplate and the knocker to take home with me." They now sit n his luxury apartment along Park A enue. He started song-writing when h was 35, and in the subsequent 25 ye rs he has achieved more than 1,500 ongs. Mention a few and people say: "C n, did he write *that*?"

Among them are *Five Minutes More, Three Coins in the Fountain, It's Magic, Diamonds are a Girl's Best Frie d, I'll Walk Alone, Just in Time* an *The Party's Over*. Styne is quick to point out that he has custom-built ve icles for his stars. Among them are Doris Day, Ethel Merman, Carol Cha ning, Nanette Fabray, Carol Burnett, Geraldine Page and the late Judy Ho liday. He is a master of creating a soliloquy with which his leading lady can close the show – Judy Holliday's *I'm Going Back*, in *Bells Are Ringing*, Ethel Merman's bitter outburst at the end of *Gypsy*. *Funny Girl* has one, too, a classic example of the guts-conquering-setbacks school called *Don't Rain on My Parade*, which is technically difficult to sing – at least one Famous Lady of the American Musical totally failed to bring it off at the London Palladium last year.

It is undeniable that Styne's carefully calculating approach has helped Barbra Streisand to success in *Funny Girl*. "There is no such thing as the overnight sensation," Styne points out. "Barbra had seven years of grooming before she became a star. Doris Day and Ethel Merman had to work hard before they became stars." But the right vehicle helps, as Carol Channing – certainly no

continued overleaf

'Im the greatest star *continued*

"I sang 25 songs a night eight times a week in *Funny Girl*. I won't get hoarse" – Barbra Streisand recording, 1966.

inexperienced debutante – no doubt discovered when she tackled *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

The American musical stage is dominated by its women. (Check list for a starter: Ethel Merman, Mary Martin, Gwen Verdon, Judy Garland, Carol Channing, Carol Burnett, Tammy Grimes, Patricia Morison, Judy Holliday, Ginger Rogers, Lena Horne, Pearl Bailey and now, apparently, Lisa Minelli – Alfred Drake can't have appeared opposite *all* of them.) This cult of the Broadway brass is probably some sequin-dusted extension of the American male's domination by the female that social commentators are always talking about, but even so the arrival of another is always exciting. These women have a unique magic that no Englishwoman possesses; our two greatest stars – Gertrude Lawrence and Julie Andrews – acquired their finish on the Great White Way. They are glamorous, tough, professional – but even the toughest of them all, Merman, can provoke tears when she sings *That Old Feeling*.

Barbra Streisand's reputation spread slowly into this country. It was partly through transatlantic show-business chat, partly through a recorded recital simply called *The Barbra Streisand Album*. Way back in 1963 this was the disc the "smartest" people had lying casually on their Casa Pupo rugs. The LP revealed two things which, added together, almost invariably indicate a star in the offing. One was a voice of great range, both technically and emotionally. The other was a highly individual attack that created as many anti-fans as fans. (Incidentally, the similarity with Maria Callas must not be pushed too far, but there is a rudimentary assonance.)

Her first recordings showed a vocal abandon and musical wit, as well as a tender way with a ballad, that was rare. She sang *Happy Days are Here Again* with a slow, steady, heavy pulse that completely retrieved a specious song; she played hell with Harold Arlen's *Down With Love*; she beat a deal of truth out of *A Taste of Honey*; and even

continued overleaf

Barbra Streisand as Fanny Brice in one of the Zeigfeld Follies production numbers from *Funny Girl*, when she makes her heavily pregnant entrance at the top of the familiar staircase for a wedding number: "I am the beautiful reflexion, of my love's affection."

I'm the greatest star *continued*

> There are a lot of cold people in the theatre who build walls so as not to get hurt. I don't ever want to build up that kind of wall.
> - Barbra Streisand, 1966.

got herself on *Children's Choice* with *Big Bad Wolf*. She was known as a "method singer."

But as album succeeded album, and the sleeve photographs became more bizarre, the songs became more self-involved, more torchy and too frequently pitched for the same effect. The gaiety and *gamine* wit seemed to be left behind. Early this year she hit the charts with a reversion to the old style *Second-hand Rose*, a good sign.

Meanwhile gossip mounted: "She wears terrible old fur coats," "she collects junk," "they won't let her make a film until she has her nose straightened." A legend was in creation. She really arrived when commentators actually managed to get both her first *and* second names correct.

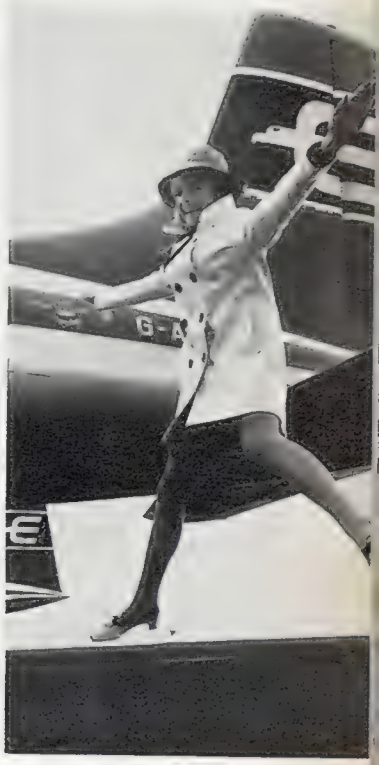
Funny Girl is well devised to make use of Streisand's various talents. Her instinct for comedy gets full release in the Follies numbers – as when she arrives for a lovely wedding sequence heavily pregnant, or in a First World War number when she is Private Schwartz from Rockaway ("my bagles gave a spin, oi-yoi"). The musical is also shot through with straight ballads; notable among them is *People*, the popularity of which inspired one of the *New Yorker's* most likeable inventions: "Penguins who need penguins are the happiest penguins." But the first song Streisand has to put over in the show is called *I'm the Greatest Star*, a totally egocentric statement of ambition in which she makes wild claims for her talent, ranging from joke-telling to the playing of Camille: "I'm a natural cougher."

It takes no great effort to imagine a short-list of people to whom, should they sing this song, the only possible answer would be: "Oh no you're not, dear." But Streisand may well get away with it, even though it is the most formidable number with which to approach a new audience. Being British we may say: "Yes, well, give us a dozen years or so to make up our minds." But we mustn't, otherwise Miss Streisand may join the growing ranks of stars who do not appear in London until they are rather past their prime.

On her first date with Nick Arnstein, Fanny Brice is treated to a private room in a restaurant. She wavers between delight, confusion and panic: "Would a convent take a Jewish girl?"

AIRBORNE GETAWAY

A shoe show with a difference. On 5 April, Airborne Shoes take to the air. This old-established shoe firm, best known for their casual and country wear, are now hoping for a much larger fashion trade. Part of this expansion project is "Taking the London Look to Luxembourg," which will be the first time a shoe show has taken place in the air – and on a scheduled passenger flight at that. Models will show the shoes while the passengers join in a "free champagne for all" party. Once in Luxembourg, there will be a dinner and another fashion show for shoe buyers. The shoes being modelled on this flight, which has been arranged by courtesy of British Eagle Airways, include a new op-art range and this will probably be new to the Duchy of Luxembourg. Another step nearer the Common Market?



Flying high in a bid to boost Airborne's shoe export drive (left and above). Whether you're referring to the shoes or the models wearing them . . . or even the champagne that flows from them (below), it's a pretty delicious idea.

Fashion by Shuna Harwood

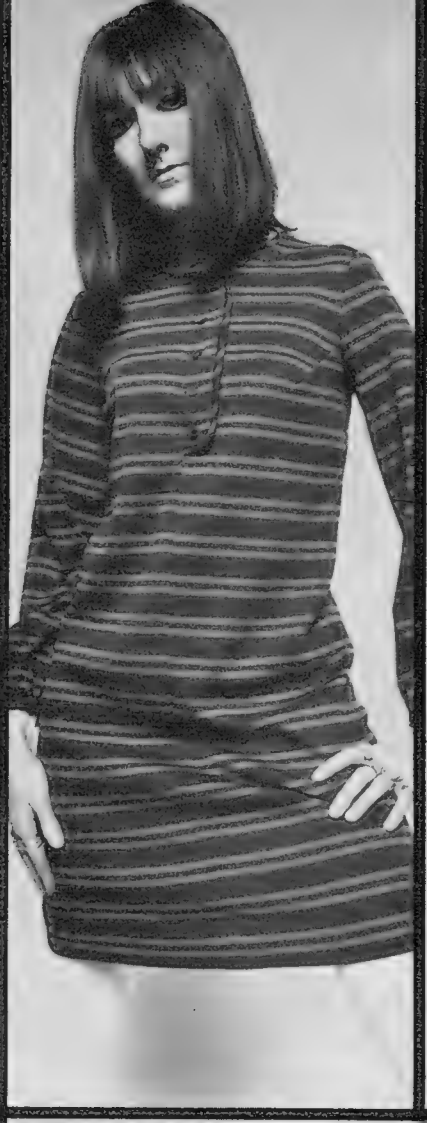
WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

Nicholas Luard (left), the publisher, wearing a navy suit designed and cut by Eric Joy of Blades. The jacket is a frock coat. His shirt was made by Turnbull & Asser and designed by his wife, and the cuff links are made from pieces of turquoise stone found in Spain.

Cathy McGowan (left) chose all the dark brown pony skins herself for this slim-fitting coat, and Buckle & Wingate in the East End made it for her. She was going to buy a Mini, but failed her test – and got the coat instead.

Britt Ekland (above) photographed with her Yorkshire terrier Scruffy, wearing a nautical velour coat with gilt buttons from Wallis. Britt is to be seen shortly in *The Greatest Game* with Peter Falk and also *After The Fox*.

Moya Bowler (right), the shoe designer, wearing a bright yellow tweed coat by Bagatel and shoes designed by herself in red and yellow. At the moment she is in America to launch her new American collection and afterwards she goes to Sweden



Pauline Fordham (left), owner and designer of Palisades boutique, wearing a green and raspberry striped jersey dress from her current collection. She also wears 12 of her many rings

Geoffrey Aquilina-Ross (below) merchandising editor of *Men In Vogue*. His suit is in an ink-blue hopsack and he wears it with a pale blue shirt. His scarlet handkerchief and navy tie are both in Sari-silk

Kasmin (above left), and **Barry Miller** (above), both modern art dealers. Kasmin runs his own gallery; his shirt is from Tail, on Lexington Avenue, New York, dark grey suit (the top half's over his shoulder), from John Stephens and black crochet tie by Herbert Johnson. Barry Miller is wearing a navy blue John Michael jacket, Hawes & Curtis shirt and a Jaeger tie.

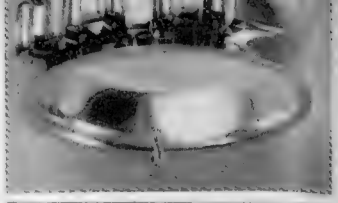
Matthew West (left), a New Zealander, runs his own public relations firm which is handling the publicity for the new musical *On The Level*. His jacket is the Armstrong tartan that he had made specially for him.

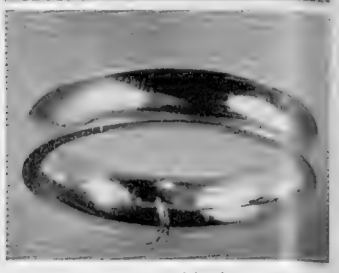
Brigit Londress (right), the Continental actress who lives in London. She has just landed the lead in Harrison Marks' first straight film called *Double Shadow* and will soon be seen in a new spy series on ITV. Her black and white op art chiffon trouser suit was specially made for her in Chelsea.

Pictures by Peter Akehurst

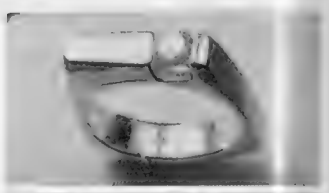
THE SHAPE OF RINGS TO COME

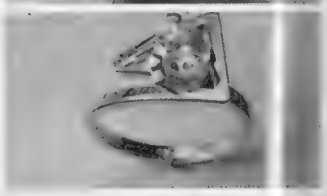
Anyone who thinks that design in engagement rings is traditional and changeless should drop in to the Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, EC1, on 13, 14 or 15 April. There they will see a collection of rings, all prizewinners, or highly commended in the second De Beers Diamond Engagement Ring Competition. The competition was divided into four categories – up to £50, from £50 to £150, over £150, and Diamond Solitaire. Geoffrey Turk, photographed right with some of the prizewinning rings, himself won prizes in two of the sections; third in the over-£150 category and second (no first prize was awarded) in the Diamond Solitaire category. Mr Turk, who designs for H J Co Ltd, of which he is a co-director, has been designing jewellery for seven years, after studying manufacture and design at the Central School of Arts and Crafts. He designed his winning ring in the solitaire section round the stone itself – a 2-carat emerald-cut diamond, which he set in irregularly woven 18-carat yellow gold.



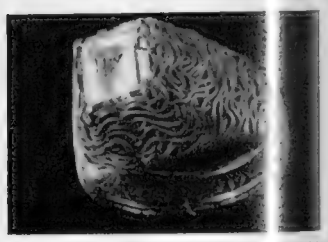


Fluted twin set with baguette diamonds, by Heather Barratt for Richard Ogden Ltd. Third prize, £50-£150.





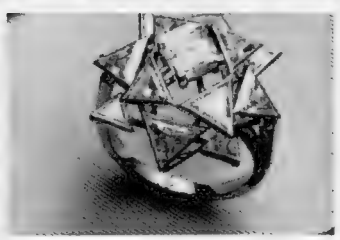
Top: A square gold ring with a diamond set to one side, by Fran Hirshfield. Bottom: A brilliant cut solitaire, set high on an angled spiral of gold, by Valerie Hurst for Steele & Dolphin Ltd. Joint third prize, diamond solitaire.



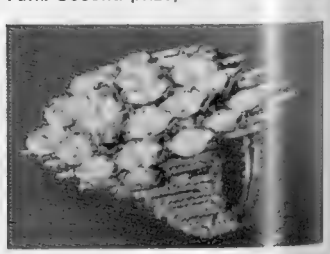
Emerald cut diamond solitaire in wide woven cushion setting, by Geoffrey Turk. Second prize, diamond solitaire.

Diamond and gold ring, by Valerie Hurst for Steele & Dolphin Ltd. First prize, under £50.

A square-shanked gold ring with diamonds set between looped gold layers, by Roger Iain Millar. Third prize, under £50.



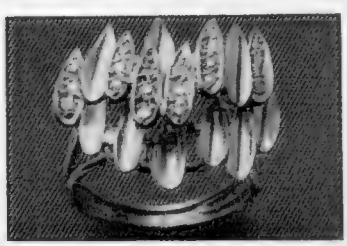
Diamond snowflake ring set in platinum by Cartier. First prize, over £150.



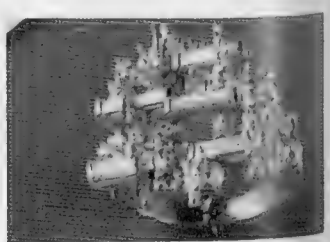
Marquise and brilliant cut diamonds in a textured gold setting, by Andrew Grima. Second prize, over £150.

Art nouveau ring, with centre stone backed by a diamond cut platinum reflector, by Paul Podolsky for the Albion Chain Co. Ltd. Second prize, under £50.

Diamonds mounted in a raised setting of gold cubes, by John Donald. First prize, £50-£150.



Fluted gold blades on varied levels with diamond crusting, by Alan Gard for Hooper Bolton Ltd. Second prize, £50-£150.



Cragged gold ring with horizontal baguette batons, by Geoffrey Turk. Third prize, over £150.

A HOME IN THE SUN?

BY SHEILA FITZJONES

The word "villa" has been fashionable since the days of the Romans, but it was not until about seven years ago that the travel trade suddenly woke up to its present-day holiday potentialities. Since then, villa-renting firms have proliferated . . . and so have the headline news complaints from holidaymakers who have found accommodation sub-standard, who found their villa had been double-booked, or who had paid a deposit to some fly-by-night firm.

In 1963, the National Villa Association was founded by a group of villa-renting firms anxious to repair the somewhat tarnished public image of villa renting. Companies are investigated before membership is granted, and all members pledge themselves to fair dealing, financial integrity, accuracy of property description and reasonable rents. One of the most constructive things the Association has done is to get up an independent, unpaid tribunal to arbitrate between dissatisfied clients and the renting firms, and it has power to award compensation and costs.

The following details provide all you need to know about five companies who are members of the NVA. But, unfortunately, it is impossible to quote prices as these vary so much, depending on size of accommodation, season and degree of luxury (always stated in brochures). All these firms encourage prospective tenants to take out cover insurance against last-minute cancellation of bookings.

EUROVILLAS, 6 Grafton Street, London W1 (MAY 1846)

Now in sixth season of business and have about 300 properties on books this year. All property inspected by directors and policy of company is to give a really personal service. Yardstick of recommendation is whether or not they themselves would choose to spend a holiday in the accommodation themselves. Unlike most other agencies, they deal directly with the owners of the properties rather than through local estate agents.

Villa/apartments to let in: Spain, France, Italy, Portugal, Austria, Yugoslavia and Corfu.

Travel facilities: Introduced this year inclusive: Villa/Air Holidays by regular scheduled aircraft of major airlines. But at the present time they are available in certain areas only. Also agents for Townsend Brothers Car Ferry and Thoresen's Car Ferry and will make arrangements on your behalf for travelling on either of these lines.

Maid service: By special arrangement only—and good notice is required. Payment is made by the tenant on the spot. Rates in Spain are from 3s per hour and in France and Italy from 5s.

Photographs: Pocket-sized photographs included in brochure, but good photographic coverage of all properties in books available for viewing at offices.

Letting details: Minimum letting period is a fortnight.

MEDITERRANEAN VILLAS LTD, Bond Street House, 14 Clifford Street, W1 (MAY 6020)

Established in 1959 and now have over 200 villa/apartments for leasing. Have local agents in each resort to deal with any problems, and couriers to meet planes, organise trips.

Villa/apartments to let in: Spain (including Ibiza), Portugal, Crete and Malta.

Travel facilities: Excellent arrangements for air/villa holidays by British United and Caledonian Airways or by scheduled airlines to Lisbon and Crete. Free air flight for infants under two, children from 2-12 years get £10 reduction on inclusive price of holiday.

Maid service: Included in rents of villas—they will shop, cook, clean, and baby-sit by special arrangement.

Photographs: Photographs of all villas available for inspection at office.

Letting details: Usually for two weeks, but bookings for one or three weeks can sometimes be arranged.

SUN VILLAS LIMITED, 56 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 5369)

Fifth year in business and at the moment have about 120 properties available for leasing. Villas and flats are inspected by directors before being entered on to register, then re-inspected before start of season. They are always under constant supervision of resident Spanish director, staff and local representatives.

Villa/apartments to let in: Spain only.

Travel facilities: Do inclusive rail/villa holidays, with £8 reduction for children between 3 years and 10 years; children under three travel free. Also inclusive air/villa holidays on day flights with Dan-Air, which also includes transportation from airport to villa, free maid/cook service and a generous supply of food at the villa. £10 reduction for children between 2 and 12 years—under 2s travel free.

Maid service: Free if you book air/villa holiday in Costa Brava.

Photographs: Pictures of most of properties can be viewed at office.

Letting details: Normally lettings for period of two weeks, but periods of one week are accepted for most villas at a supplementary charge of 15 per cent. Bookings of longer than a fortnight carry special reduction of 10 per cent. on every additional week.

HOLIDAY VILLAS LTD, 357 Strand, WC2 (COV 0174)

Founded in 1959, now have about 130 properties for leasing, all of which have been inspected and recommended by directors. Also have a special register of properties for letting which they have not yet taken on exclusive contract. in this case, Holiday Villas act only as intermediaries and do not vouch for the authenticity of the particulars, although they do their best to verify them.

Villa/apartments to let in: France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Morocco and Portugal.

Travel facilities: Inclusive air/villa holidays at economy rates available, using aircraft of national airlines (free transport for infants under two, but in most cases full fares for those over two).

Maid service: In most cases, maid service is obligatory and cost is 10 per cent. of high season rent. Cleaning, bed-making, washing-up and shopping are normal duties, although in Spain the maid will usually cook as well.

Photographs: Have a selection of photographs of most of their properties available for inspection at London office.

Letting details: Can book, subject to availability, for any period of a week or more (all air-villa bookings must be for two weeks). You must start and finish holiday on a Saturday, unless you are booking one of their Autovillas, which means you can start and finish your holiday on a Wednesday.

Special offers: Offer a free villa holiday for anyone who can find them a villa for two for letting which has its own sandy beach, perhaps with its own swimming pool, and which costs somewhat less than accommodation for two people in an average hotel.

Run a Share-a-Villa plan for people holidaying on their own, or in pairs, at rate of 5 guineas per week per person. Sometimes possible to get a "stand-by" villa—when someone else has cancelled at a late date—in which case they offer a 25 per cent. discount on rental.

SOLVIS AND CO, 37-39 Oxford Street, W1 (REG 5736)

Oldest villa agency (now in ninth year) and certainly the biggest (have over 6,000 properties on books this year) and possibly cheapest of all. Comprehensive catalogue of properties available; costs 10s.

Villa/apartments to let in: France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany (Bavaria), Canary Islands and Austria.

Travel facilities: Do not have as part of programme "inclusive air/villa" holidays, but can make special arrangements on request for flights on economy chartered airlines.

Maid service: Staff provided only on request and arrangements must be made well in advance.

Photographs: Photographs available of the majority of villas in office.

Letting details: Minimum of two weeks, except where special long-term tenancies are stipulated by landlords. Many properties can be booked from Saturdays, Sundays or Mondays to help motorists who wish to leave England on Fridays.

These are homes abroad; for homes in London see Property, page 62

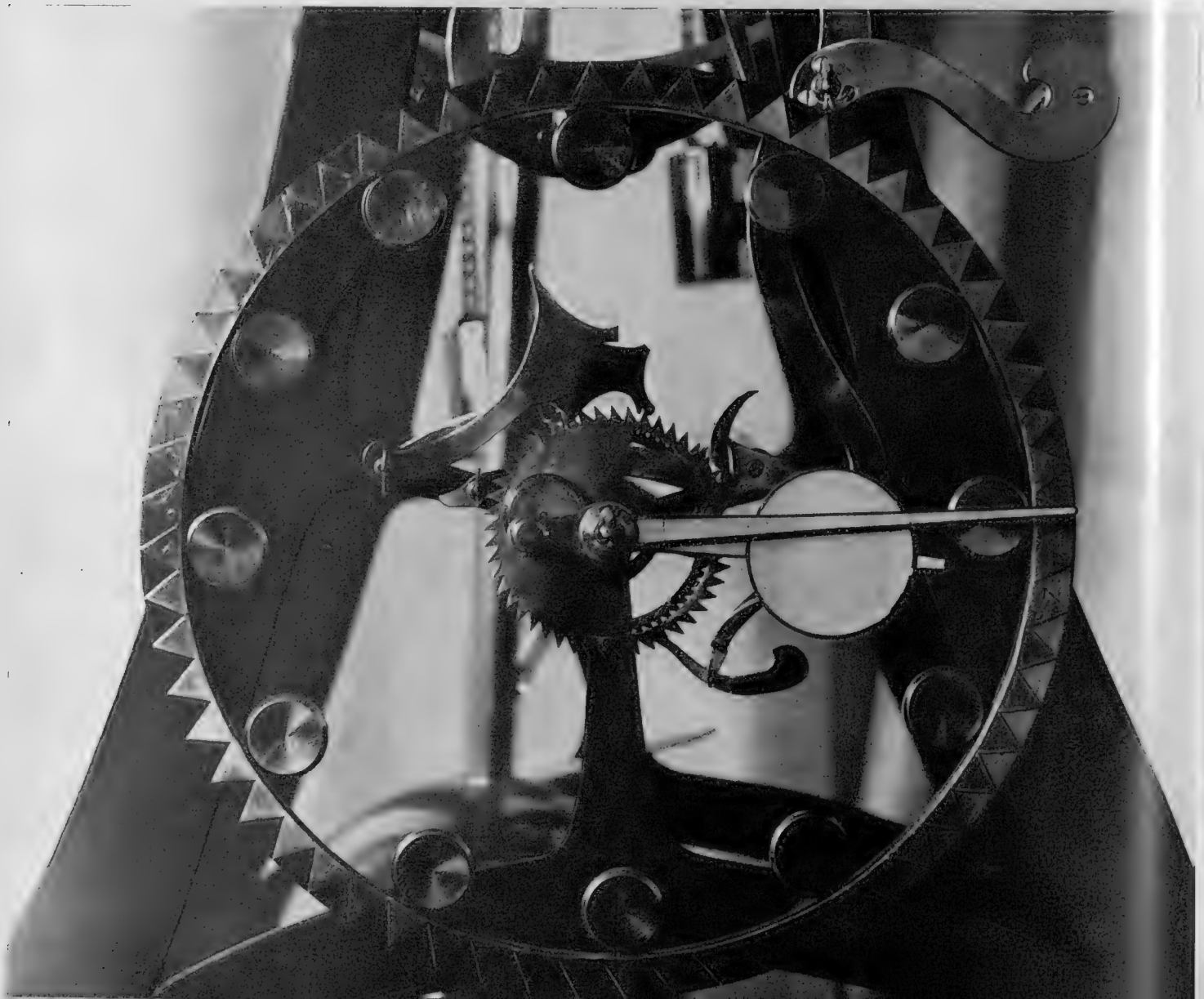
Sculpture that ticks

Traditionally, a clockmaker is a sweet, bent old man working delicately on tiny components. But, like all images, this one is changing, largely through the work of 33-year-old Martin Burgess, who has developed a large, new conception of a clock's function. He sees no reason why a clock should not have the attributes of a piece of sculpture. Instead of being tucked away in some corner of the room it should dominate and even form part of the overall design.

The first clock he made was for the architecture critic, Richard Jones, who had just moved into a new house at Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire. Mr Jones felt something was missing. Martin Burgess suggested a clock, and specially designed one to suit the surroundings. It took three years to make. Among the parts were three giant cogs used for measuring days, hours and minutes. For the largest, 112 teeth had to be cut by hand.

The clock was an instant success – it looked wonderful and kept perfect time. This inspired Martin Burgess to make a complete change of career. Previously he had been working on the restoration of the Flinders-Petrie collection of Egyptian antiquities. Now he has his own workshop equipped to deal with all kinds of metalwork and has now put one of his large clocks (pictured on this page) up for sale. It is 50 inches tall, the base measures 10 inches by 20 inches and the whole thing weighs approximately one hundredweight. It incorporates slow-moving cogs, and different types of metal giving, as the clock ticks, the effect of a moving sculpture.

Close-up (below) of a liaison between function and decoration; the exposed cogwheels catch the light creating technical beauty. Right: the complete clock.



THE WEEK AHEAD

MUSIC

Its players' ages range from 18 to 26, and on 12 April they will be giving their first public performance. Formed just three months ago, the New BBC Orchestra is unique in the international music scene, for it is the only *training* orchestra in the world. Here, for the first time, is the medium for which orchestral managers have long been campaigning: their constant worries, and well-founded at that, have been the lack of suitable recruits. The New Orchestra is costing the BBC £100,000, "and worth it," says Richard Last on page 51, "judging from the broadcasts." On the same page, Ian Woodward reviews Covent Garden's *Swan Lake*, and finds a greatly improved Antoinette Sibley and some fresh, exciting talent in Jennifer Penney and Ann Jenner, who danced in the ballet's *pas de quatre* on 28 March. But as a production, Helpmann's *Swan Lake* needs serious rethinking and a certain amount of sequence juggling. . . . Britten's recent Symphony for 'Cello and Orchestra is likely to attract a full-house audience at the Festival Hall on 7 April. . . . Handel's *Messiah*, at the Albert Hall on Good Friday, has Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting. . . . Western Theatre Ballet's full-length modern ballet, *Sun Into Darkness* (*SID* for short: see page 12), to be given its world première on 13 April (the same day that *Funny Girl* opens at the Prince of Wales), will be the talking point of the week in London's dance world . . . the rest of the week's ballet and music is featured on page 51

DISCS

Petula Clark's follow-up to *My Love*, which is at present No 1 in the American charts, is to be called *A Sign of the Times*. It looks like another Tony Hatch hit, and is being released by Pye on 8 Apr. . . . Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels's new release on Stateside, *Lilly Latin Lupe Lu*, follows his *Jenny Take a Ride*. Mitch takes the lead vocal and the rest of his group give very strong support. . . . Jacques Loussier is having a single released from one of his earlier LPs, *Play Bach*, and Decca have planned the launching date for 7 Apr. . . . The Lovin' Spoonful are due to arrive from the States on 13 Apr to promote their latest single, *Daydream*, which is already doing very well across the Atlantic. . . . Gary Leeds, of the Walker Brothers, gives the low-down on his favourite LPs on page 58

BOOKS

This week, on 12 April, Heinemann will publish *Waging Peace* by Dwight Eisenhower *(above)*, which describes his second term of office at the White House as he sees it, from 1956-1961. In the last section of the book he outlines his "completely subjective" reflections on the Cold War and the future. For more news about books, and for Len Deighton's comments on his latest thriller, *Billion Dollar Brain*, see page 50

GALLERIES

It was not only the character in *Alice in Wonderland* who insisted on making words mean what they wanted to as occasion arose. "Drawing," as part of the curriculum, took place down a treacle well but we are not vouchsafed what results were forthcoming. But people are still likely to become stuck as they say what is and isn't a good drawing. Keith Sutton warns you on pages 52 and 53 but doesn't think it necessary to do more than point to the golden Peruvian head *(below)*

SPORT

In the world of sport, Easter weekend means a non-stop programme of race meetings up and down the country, and in London there's dog racing morning, noon and night. What opportunities lie in store for the gambler–with plenty of moments for the not-so-lucky to lose as much as they feel like squandering. But the *true* gambler, says Michael Wale, does not gamble to win: merely to perpetuate his ability to gamble. With this state of affairs in mind, our sports correspondent went along to see Mr Ron Pollard, general manager of Ladbrokes, who says: "Horses and clients are just like so many matchsticks to me.". . . Can Fulham repeat what they did to Liverpool and survive yet again when they play against Leeds at Craven Cottage on Good Friday? . . . For those who like stock-car racing, the meeting at Brands Hatch (the first-ever) on Easter Sunday promises many spills and excitement . . . the European Table Tennis Championships are being held this year at the Empire Pool, Wembley, on Easter Monday, when the world's best players from Russia and the rest of Europe will be competing. . . . Your complete guide to sports-going can be found on page 60

THEATRE

Greece's greatest actress Katina Paxinou, arrives with the Greek National Theatre to take part in the World Theatre Season at the Aldwych on 12 April. She shattered London with her performance of Electra in 1939, when her husband Alex Minotis played Hamlet in the same season. Minotis will direct the plays at the Aldwych this year and also appear in both–*Hecuba* and Sophocles *Oedipus at Colonus*. Another event of more than common interest is *Events While Guarding the Bofors Gun* which stars James Bolam, at the Hampstead Theatre Club. It is written by John McGrath, co-creator of *Z-Cars*. More about plays and players on page 44

NIGHT OUT

Drinks: BEA Air Terminal
Dine: Silver Spur, near South Kensington Underground
Entertainment: Go bowling at London Airport Bowl
Record: *Change of the Century*, Ornette Coleman
Book: *The Russian Interpreter*, by Michael Frayn

FILMS

Another in the apparently endless chain of spy heroes takes his bow at the Odeon Leicester Square on 6 April. He is Matt Helm (Dean Martin) the smooth-talking agent from *The Silencers*. Read about Daliah Lavi, his alluringly dangerous counterpart, on page 46. West End films on page 47 and a comprehensive guide to all the other film programmes in the London districts appears on pages 48 and 49

SALEROOMS

This owl jug *(above)* with agate glaze comes under the hammer at Sotheby's on 14 April. Its companion pieces in the sale are a solid agate teapot and milk jug. Penny Haworth lists the most interesting items in the London salerooms on page 53

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THEATRE

FIRST FIVE: 1 Greek National Theatre, Aldwych. 2 Man & Superman. 3 How's the world . . . Treating You? 4 Hello Dolly! 5 An Ideal Husband

On another page, Peter Darrell, artistic director of the Western Theatre Ballet, speaks of his urge to indicate that ballet has something to do with the theatre. Someone should do the same for opera. Many believe that opera can be total theatre – a spell-binding liaison of acting, music, lighting and painting.

The Covent Garden Opera achieved something approaching this with Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron* last year – possibly because Peter Hall and Clifford Williams of the Royal Shakespeare Company were recruited to direct. But the effort need not be on such a grand scale and Sadler's Wells have been making gestures towards a more acceptable and less conventionally operatic style by attracting people like Frank Hauser to direct.

Recently, too, the Wells has been establishing a reputation for light opera, so successfully that it can hold seasons of Offenbach, Sullivan or Strauss and compete for the musical-going audience on equal terms. The newest production, of Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*,

American producer Stanley Gordon has joined with Jerry Wayne to open London production office. First venture – their own production of "The King's Mare."

does not, however, either promote a more coherent view of opera, nor provide any sort of potent rival to the flood of musicals expected in the West End in the coming weeks. Where opera ends and the musical begins is a hotly debated point. Whereas today's messenger boys whistle *People* those of 150 years ago would whistle *Non piu andrai* from *Figaro*.

There are difficulties of course; the part of Rosalinda in *Die Fledermaus* demands a fully developed dramatic soprano. It is rare to find this type of voice coupled with the glamorous actressy figure required. Ava June does some wonderful things with her voice in the role, but continually slips back into the type of acting that convention allows us to accept in opera.

Glen Byam Shaw directs and has coaxed a splendid performance from Shirley Chapman in the travesty role of Prince Orlofsky – here the hand of a man of the theatre is clearly paying dividends. *Fledermaus* is considered the greatest of all light operas and it has turned up in many variants over the years. That it will outlive *Funny Girl* and *Charlie Girl* is undeniable, but until a different style of presentation is devised it will at the moment outsell neither.

j roger baker

All theatres closed Good Friday

WEST END

openings

M 11 Apr: **THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE.** Royal Court, Sloane Square. (SLO 1745). Author: Granville Barker. Dir: Jane Howell. Cast Sebastian Shaw, Gwen Nelson, Brian Smith, Avril Elgar, Jeffry Wickham. 7.0

T 12 Apr: **HECUBA.** Aldwych Theatre, Aldwych (TEM 6404). *(A simultaneous translation system has been installed for the World Theatre Season.)* Author: Euripides. Dir: Alexis Minotis. Cast: Greek National Theatre. 7.0

W 13 Apr: **FUNNY GIRL.** Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Lyrics: Bob Merrill. Music: Jule Styne. From the book by Isobel Lennart. Dir: Lawrence Kasha. Cast: Barbra Streisand, Michael Craig. 7.30

CURRENT

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruickshank, Colin Gordon, Amanda Grinling. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

ANTONIO & HIS SPANISH DANCE COMPANY WITH ROSARIO, Cambridge. Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). 8.0. Th: 2.45. Sat: 5.0, 8.20. Opened 10 Mar 1966. Ends 23 Apr

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis, Julia Lockwood, Lewis Casson. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BABES IN THE WOOD, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Music and lyrics: The Shadows. Dir: Albert J Knight. Cast: Frank Ifield, Sid James, Roy Kinnear, Kenneth Connor, Arthur Askey. Ifield makes a yodelling Robin Hood in spectacular Sherwood. 2.45 (ends 5.45) 7.30 (ends 10.30). Opened 21 Dec 1965. Ends 30 Apr

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Author: Neil Simon. Dir: Richard Benjamin. Cast: Daniel Massey, Marlo Thomas, Kurt Kasznav, Joan Sterndale Bennet. Young-married troubles Broadway style comedy. M-F: 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 24 Nov 1965

THE BEAVER COAT, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Gerhart Hauptmann, translated by William Rowlinson. Dir: Robert Chetweyn. Cast: Peggy Mount, John Moffatt, Russell Waters. Th, Fri, Sat, Tu and W 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.40 (ends 10.50). Opened 3 Mar, 1966. Ends 16 Apr

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Barry Stanton, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50), Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arroll, Neville King, Dai Frances, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Songs and dances cease only for interludes of comedy. 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 25 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minster. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). M 11 April and Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh & Margaret Williams. Music & lyrics by David Heneker & John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965. Ends 21 May

CHASE ME COMRADE, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Author: Ray Cooney. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Stars: Brian Rix, Basil Lord, Leo Franklyn. Russian ballet dancer and diplomatic service involved in a speedy farce. 7.30 (ends 9.45). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.30; 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Opened 15 July 1964

HELLO DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play The Matchmaker. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and choreographer: Gower Champion. A grand illusion with Mary Martin as chief spellbinder but nevertheless the most efficient musical seen in a dozen years. Cast: Mary Martin, Loring Smith. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

HOW'S THE WORLD . . . TREATING YOU? Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Author: Roger Milner. Dir: Philip Grout. Most "in" comedy of the season. Cast: Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss, Michael Graham Cox. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15). 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 Jan 1966

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Dennison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Neilson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30)

INCIDENT AT VICHY, Phoenix, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Author: Arthur Miller. Dir: Peter Wood. Nazi persecution of the Jews in individual terms. Cast: Alec Guinness, Anthony Quayle. 8.15 (ends 9.50). W: 3.0 (ends 4.35). Sat: 5.15 (ends 6.50). Opened 26 Jan 1966

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Beryl Reid, Lally Bowers, Eileen Atkins. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). W: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

A LILY IN LITTLE INDIA, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Donald Howarth. Dir: Donald Howarth. Tender study in loneliness. Cast: Jill Bennett, Jessie Evans, Ian McKellen. 8.0 (ends 10.0); Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 10.30). W: 3.0 (ends 5.0). Opened 20 Jan 1966

MAN & SUPERMAN, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: G B Shaw. Dir: Philip Wiseman. Battle of the sexes. Cast: Alan Badel, Sian Phillips, Zena Walker, John Robinson, Marie Löhr, Clive Swift. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Th & Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.45). Opened 23 Nov 1965

THE MATCHGIRLS, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Bill Owen. Dir: Gillian Lynne. Music by: Tony Russell. The first women's strike. Cast: Vivienne Martin, Marion Grimaldi, Gerald Hely. 8.0 (ends 10.15). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 1 Mar 1966

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 14 years still a mystery. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter Coe. Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens's London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

ON THE WAGON, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (CIT 7656). Author: Bernard Miles. Dir: Julius Gellner. Cast: Bernard Miles. Mon only 8.0 (ends 8.0); 8.40 (ends 10.40). Opened 6 Jan 1966. Ends 16 Apr

THE OWL & THE PUSSY CAT, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty girl versus intellectual man. Cast: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. 8.15 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Th 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainer. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, Jane Fyffe, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the songs and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). M 11 Apr, Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse & Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.35). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 11.5). Opened 14 Oct, 1965. Closed 4-8 Apr

SON OF OBLOMOV, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: Goncharov (ad. Riccardo Aragno). Dir: Frank Dunlop. Stars: Spike Milligan, Bill Kerr, Valentine Dyall. Much ado about Milligan – and there's a play buried somewhere too. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 6 Oct 1964

Alan Badel and Sian Phillips in the wings of the Garrick Theatre waiting for their entrance in Shaw's "Man and Superman," perhaps the most successful of the present Shavian revivals.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rogers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Stars: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). M 11 Apr, Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Jack Gwillim, Judy Campbell, Keith Baxter, Moray Watson, Cyril Luckham. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45) 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966

REPERTORY

ALDWYCH THEATRE, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 6404). (Simultaneous translation of foreign plays is installed for this World Theatre Season.) Th 7, Sat 9 Apr: THE RULES OF THE GAME by Pirandello. Dir: Giogio de Lullo. Cast: Compagnia dei Giovani. 7.30. Sat: 2.30. (No performances F 8 Apr.) T 12 Apr: See West End openings. W 13 Apr: HECUBA by Euripides. Dir: Alexis Minotis. Cast: Greek National Theatre. 7.30. (No performances M 11 Apr or matinee W 13 Apr)

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court, Sloane Square (SLO 1745). Th 7 & F 8 Apr: Closed Sat 9 & Sun 10 Apr: THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE. Preview for members of the English Stage Society only. M 11 Apr: See West End openings. T 12 & W 13 Apr: THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE by Granville Barker. Dir: Jane Howell. Cast: Sebastian Shaw, Gwen Nelson, Brian Nelson, Avril Elgar, Jeffry Wickham. 7.30. M 11-W 13 Apr: CLOWNING. Dir: Keith Johnstone, who will answer questions and attempt to train clowns. Admission free every lunchtime approx. 1.0 pm

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 7 & Sat 9 Apr: TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS by Arthur W Pinero. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Wynne Clark, Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Doris Hare, Derek Jacobi, Gerald James, Edward Petherbridge, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens. 7.30 (ends 10.5). Sat: 2.15 (ends 4.50). (No performances F 8 Apr.) T 12 & W 13 Apr: MISS JULIE & BLACK COMEDY. MISS JULIE by August Strinberg, translated from the Swedish by Michael Meyer. Dir: Michael Elliott. Cast: Albert Finney, Maggie Smith, Jeanne Watts. BLACK COMEDY by Peter Shaffer. Dir: John Dexter. Cast: Graham Crowden, Paul Curran, Albert Finney, Doris Hare, Derek Jacobi, Ronald Pickup, Louise Purnell, Maggie Smith. 7.30 (ends 10.25)

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE CLUB, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). EVENT WHILE GUARDING THE BOFORS GUN. World première. T 12 Apr: 7.30. W 13 Apr: 8.0

LAMDA THEATRE CLUB, Logan Place, W8 (FRE 7017). ANTIGONE. Th 7 & Sat 9 Apr: 7.45. THE FANTASTICS. M 11-W 13 Apr: 7.45

LITTLE ANGEL, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SOUL. Sat 9 Apr: 3.0 (ends 4.0), 5.0 (ends 6.0). Sun 10-W 13 Apr: 3.0 (ends 4.0). Matinée for very young children Sat 9 Apr 11.0 (ends midday). Adults 5s 6d. Children 4s

LITTLE THEATRE, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 0660). GHOSTS. 8.0. Sun 7.30 (no performance Mon)

NEW ARTS THEATRE CLUB, Great Newport Street, Leicester Square, WC2 (TEM 3334). The Unicorn Theatre for Children. FIVE MINUTES TO MORNING. A new play for children from 7 to 13 years. M 11-W 13 Apr: 2.30 (ends 4.30). THERE IS AN ISLAND FAR AWAY & THE FLY CATCHER, for children 4 to 7 years. W 13 Apr: 11.0 am (ends 12.30 pm)

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT THEATRE, Fairfield Hall, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). ANY WEDNESDAY. Th 7 Apr: 7.45. Sat 9 Apr: 5.0, 8.0. ROMAN CANDLE with Bob Monkhouse. M 11 Apr: 5.0, 8.0. T 13 7.0. W 13 Apr: 7.45

GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, NW11 (SPE 0022). ROMAN CANDLE with Bob Monkhouse. Th 7 & Sat 9 Apr: 2.30, 8.0. THE ANNIVERSARY with Michael Crawford, Sheila Hancock, Jack Hedley, June Ritchie, Mona Washbourne. M 11-W 13 Apr: 8.0

INTIMATE THEATRE, Palmers Green, N13 (PAL 3798). A WOMAN'S PLACE. Th 7 Apr: 2.30, 7.30. Sat 9 Apr: 5.0, 8.0. PYJAMA TOPS. M 11 Apr: 5.0, 8.0. T 12 & W 13 Apr: 7.30

NEW THEATRE, High Street, Bromley (RAV 6677). HALF A SIXPENCE. 7.45. Sat 9 Apr: 5.15, 8.0. M 11 Apr: 5.0, 8.0

QUESTORS THEATRE, Mattock Lane, Ealing, W5 (EAL 0011). No productions until 16 Apr

RICHMOND THEATRE, The Green, Richmond, Surrey (RIC 0088.) THE CREEPER. Th 7 Apr: 7.45. Sat 9 Apr: 5.30, 8.15. THE TENDER TRAP. M 11 Apr: 5.30, 8.15. T 12 & W 13 Apr: 7.45

TOWER THEATRE, Canonbury Place, N1 (CAN 5111). No productions until 29 Apr

THEATRE ROYAL, Windsor (WK 61107). SPIDER'S WEB with Cicely Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert, Robertson Hare. Th 7 Apr: 2.30, 7.30. Sat 9 & M 11 Apr: 4.45, 8.0. T 12 Apr: 8.0. W 13 Apr: 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Guildford (Guildford 60191). THE SACRED FLAME with Gladys Cooper, Naunton Wayne. M 11 Apr: 2.30, 7.45. T 12 & W 13 Apr: 7.45

COMING SOON

25 April: POLISH POPULAR THEATRE, Aldwych

26 April: JUNO & THE PAYCOCK, National Theatre at the Old Vic

6 May: NEW REVUE, London Palladium, Harry Secombe, Jimmy Tarbuck

17 May: THEIR VERY OWN AND GOLDEN CITY, by Arnold Wesker, Royal Court Theatre

FILMS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Viva Maria. 2 Alphaville. 3 Jules et Jim. 4 Alfie. 5 The Knack.

"To me, making films is an interesting hobby. I mean it when I say I will only stay around as long as people want me." This is the attitude of Israeli actress Daliah Lavi, who won the Venice Best Actress award for her performance in *Il Demonio* and is one of the decorative lady spies in *The Silencers*, which opens at the Odeon Leicester Square today.

"I started making films in Israel, lousy ones, because I had to support my family when my father died. I hated it, but when I was offered the part of the possessed girl in *Il Demonio* I suddenly wanted to do it. It was essential for me to be good because I was the only professional actress in the film. Finally they came to believe in me as a demon: one man from the village showed me a handful of blonde hair and chicken entrails he had found in his bed. He believed someone had put a bed curse on him, and I was expected to tell him who had done this. I told him to go and see a doctor."

Director Stanley Kubrick has insured himself against the discovery of extra-terrestial beings before the release of "2001: A Space Odyssey" next year.

Daliah's homing instinct for Israel is strong. "I go back every year, to refuel," she says. "Last time I stayed three months. I help my mother in the kitchen, I put on blue jeans or khaki shorts and ride my bicycle round the village, play football on the beach or take a chair from home and go to the movies. We are idealists, not fanatics, and we don't acknowledge the impossible. It is an eager, young, generous country but in 50 years it, too, will have its bad side like any other."

Daliah first left Israel at the age of 12 to study ballet in Sweden. "I wanted desperately to be a dancer but I had to give up because of health reasons. It was one of my great disappointments. I never wanted to be an actress." As yet, she has done no stage work. "I wouldn't *dare*! On the stage you have to do everything yourself. In films, the camera decides what the audience will look at; in the theatre it is the audience themselves. If ever I do go on to the stage I shall take six months off beforehand to study and start with small parts in light plays. But these are speculations about the distant future. Her immediate commitment is to make *The Spy With the Cold Nose* with Laurence Harvey. Shooting begins next month.

david castell

THE SILENCERS

Daliah Lavi plays an alluring double agent in "The Silencers," the only girl in the cast who is smart enough to pull the wool over the eyes of super-spy Matt Helm (Dean Martin.) But Daliah will not appear in the immediate sequel. "I should like to turn up again a few films later on and surprise everyone." Her major films before "The Silencers" were "Il Demonio," "Lord Jim" (in which she suited ideally the character of whom Conrad wrote: "She was a tall girl . . . what I remember best is the even, olive pallor of her complexion and the intense blue-black gleams of her flowing hair") and "Ten Little Indians." She has just begun a European promotion tour for the new film and has her headquarters in a large, rambling flat in the Marylebone Road where John Kelly photographed her.

OPENING

THE SILENCERS (A). Natural progression in the spy cycle – the agent who has everything and can't cope with it all. Matt Helm (Dean Martin) is the lazy hero dragged out of seductive retirement to thwart a megalomaniac's plan to control the world. Peppered with private jokes and immense good humour. Stella Stevens is often very funny as the disaster-prone innocent drawn into the mayhem. (Daliah Lavi, Cyd Charisse, Victor Buono. Dir: Phil Karlson. Col. 104 min.) *Odeon Leicester Square.* WHI 6111. Opens 7 Apr

WEST END

ALFIE (X). Taken from the play by Bill Naughton, and directed by Lewis Gilbert; Michael Caine plays the incredible Alfie, devoutly dedicated to a love-life that is both intensive and uncommitted, and often funny. His birds flit in and out at lightning speed – Eleanor Bron as his doctor, Shirley Anne Field as his nurse and an overpowering rich widow (Shelley Winters), who is almost a match for him. (Millicent Martin, Julia Foster, Jane Asher, Vivienne Merchant. Col. 114 min.) *Plaza, Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. 1.0, 3.20, 5.50, 8.20 (Sat only: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.0

ALPHAVILLE (A). Jean-Luc Godard's transformation of images from a comic strip into a stylistic masterpiece with dazzling photography by Coutard. Lemmy Caution (Eddie Constantine), disguised as a reporter for *Figaro-Pravda,* is sent on a mission to Alphaville – city of machines and technocrats. A funny yet profound and moving comment on our society as it could well become. (Anna Karina, Akim Tamiroff. Col. 98 min.) With Chris Marker's short *La Jetée. Academy One,* Oxford Street. GER 2981. 1.50, 4.5, 6.20, 8.45. Sun: 3.35, 5.50, 8.15

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. An account of the Battle of the Ardennes with Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan for the American heroes and Robert Shaw as a suitably poker-faced German villain. But the real heroes are the giant tanks, ploughing their way through the countryside. Magnificent. (Dana Andrews. Dir: Ken Annakin. Col. 163 min.) *Casino Old Compton St,* W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.55. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

BORN FREE (U). Tasteful and relatively faithful adaptation of Joy Adamson's runaway best-seller. Virginia McKenna makes a long-promised comeback as the woman who raises a lioness from a helpless cub and trains it to the point where its own domesticity is a danger to survival. (Bill Travers, Geoffrey Keen. Dir: James Hill. Col. 99 min. Royal Film of 1966.) *Columbia,* Shaftesbury Avenue. REG 5414

CARRY ON COWBOY (A). The myth of the Old West is the new target for the pea-shooters of the apparently indefatigable Rogers-Thomas team. A slight shifting of emphasis in the players from their large repertory of British comedy actors: otherwise the formula remains unchanged. (Sidney James, Kenneth Williams, Angela Douglas, Jim Dale, Joan Sims. Dir: Gerald Thomas. Col. 95 min.) *Carlton Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 1.45, 4.10, 6.35, 9.5 (Sat only: 11.15 pm). Sun: 4.10, 6.35, 9.5

THE GREAT RACE (U). Extravagantly slapstick comedy involving a car race from New York to Paris, via Siberia, with Jack Lemmon as the villain and Tony Curtis as the spoof hero. Blake Edwards' feeblest screenplay, but with a good sense of the period. While determined to be a lot of fun, it merely proves conclusively that Cinerama and comedy don't mix. (Col. 153 min.) *Astoria Charing Cross Rd.* GER 5385. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

THE GREAT ST TRINIANS TRAIN ROBBERY (U). Ronald Searle's little monsters unusually subdued under Frank Launder's direction. Plenty of comic invention in Frankie Howerd's performance: for the most part the script plays for maximum security conditions. (Dora Bryan, George Cole. Col. 93 min.) *Studio One Oxford St.* GER 3300. 1.40, 4.10, 6.45, 9.20. Sun: 3.45, 6.20, 9.0

JULES ET JIM (X). Based on the novel by Henri-Pierre Roche, the story begins just before the First World War, and traces the development of the relationships between Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) and her lovers Jules (Oskar Werner) and Jim (Henri Serre). Truffaut, perhaps the most talented of the young French directors, has an instinctive feeling for the cinema. (Showing with Varda's exquisite but facile *Le Bonheur.*) (France, sub-titled. 105 min.) *Berkeley Tottenham Ct Rd.* MUS 8150. 12.40, 4.0, 7.20. Sun: 4.0, 7.20. *Le Bonheur,* 2.35, 5.55, 9.15. Sun: 5.55, 9.15

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (X). Fellini's companion piece to $8\frac{1}{2}$, this time in superb colour, tells the story of the soul-searching of a rather idle, middle-aged woman (Giulietta Masina) whose husband is unfaithful to her. Her haunting and surrealistic fantasies are explored with great cinematic virtuosity, but in the last analysis, the film proves as insubstantial as the apparitions themselves. (France/Italy. Col. 137 min.) *Academy Two.* GER 5129. Oxford St, W1. 12.15, 3.0, 5.50, 8.45. Sun: 5.10, 8.5

THE KNACK (X). Dick Lester's free and inventive adaptation of the play by Ann Jellicoe. Rita Tushingham plays a provincial innocent who finds herself suddenly surrounded by three men: one incredibly endowed with the knack (Ray Brooks), one moderately so (Donal Donnelly) and one painfully bereft of it (Michael Crawford). Despite its occasionally laboured visual gags, it has great vitality. (85 min.) with *Irma la Douce. Odeon Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 2.0, 7.0. *The Knack:* 4.30, 9.30

MY FAIR LADY (U). Lavish, if not cloying, direction of the Lerner & Loewe musical by George Cukor with Edwardian décor by Cecil Beaton. Rex Harrison carries the film along with commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited, though rather inadequate, Eliza. Great vitality, but played a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde White. Col. Super-Panavision. 185 min.) *Warner Leicester Sq,* W1. GER 3423. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.30, 7.45, 11.45. Sun: 3.0, 7.15. *Royalty Kingsway,* WC2. HOL 8004. 2.45, 8.0. Sun: 3.15, 7.30

NO QUESTIONS ON SATURDAY (U). A Franco-Israeli production, directed by Alex Joffé, abounding in Jewish gags and whimsy. It tells the story of an old man's attempts to attain Heaven and presents Robert Hirsch with the opportunity to demonstrate his versatility by playing not only the old man, but most of the members of his family. But not even he can inject any life into this stilted charade. (Rina Ganov, Dahlia Friedland. France/Israel. 106 min.) *Cameo-Poly Upper Regent St.* LAN 1744. 1.55, 4.10, 6.25, 8.50. Sun: 4.0, 6.25, 8.45

OUR MAN FLINT (A). Director Daniel Mann endeavours to outspoof Bond in what becomes a tiresome use of gimmickry, with quite serious undercurrents of nastiness. James Coburn is less endearing than Connery as secret agent Flint, in pursuit of the criminal conspiracy of Galaxy who seek to control the weather. (Lee J Cobb. Col. 108 min.) *Rialto Coventry St.* GER 3488. 1.20, 3.50, 6.20, 8.50. Sun: 3.40, 6.15, 8.50

THE LOVED ONE (X). An attack on American folkways, burial-wise. Directed by Tony Richardson, this is a heavy-handed adaptation of the satirical novel by Evelyn Waugh, with a scenario by Christopher Isherwood and Terry Southern. A bumptious young Englishman (Robert Morse), a Corpse cosmetician (Anjanette Comer), and Mr Joyboy (Rod Steiger), the Chief Mortician at Whispering Glades Memorial Park, act out the eternal triangle, amid the embalming rooms and stiffened corpses. (Jonathan Winters, Liberace. 117 min.) *Empire Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 12.56, 3.33, 6.10, 8.47 (Sat only 11 pm). Sun: 3.16, 5.53, 8.30

THE RED DESERT (X). Through the character of Giuliana (Monica Vitti), who cannot come to terms with the life around her, Antonioni explores still further the moral problems brought about by industrialisation. Set in Ravenna, it is, in many ways, an uncertain and unsatisfactory film, but nevertheless remarkable for its formal beauty and the abstract use of colour. (Richard Harris. Dir: Michelangelo Antonioni. Col. 116 min.) *Paris Pullman,* Drayton Gardens. FRE 5898. 1.50, 5.20, 9.0. Sun: 5.20, 9.0. With: *All the Gold in the World,* 3.50, 7.25. Sun: 3.50, 7.25. Sat: 10.30 pm

SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Robert Wise's three-hour version of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical, with hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. (Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion Tottenham Ct Rd,* W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 2.30, 8.0

THAT RIVIERA TOUCH (U). Comedians Morecambe & Wise set out on their second adventure on film. This time, they are holidaying on the French Riviera, and suddenly find themselves caught up with a gang of crooks, and, incidentally, with the glamorous Suzanne Lloyd. The director, Cliff Owen, gives the zany couple plenty of opportunity for their special brand of humour. (Eric Morecambe, Ernie Wise. Col. 98 min.) *Leicester Square Theatre.* WHI 5252

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some pleasant enough shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Col. Todd-AO. 130 min.) *Metropole Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THUNDERBALL (A). Bond has only a few days to find the two atom bombs stolen by SPECTRE. Gadgetry galore, underwater sex, and Connery confidently assuming the role of Superman. Luciana Paluzzi is the alluring SPECTRE agent and Claudine Auger one of Bond's more memorable conquests. (Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell. Dir: Terence Young. Col. 125 min.) *London Pavilion Piccadilly Circus,* W1 GER 2982. 10.30, 12.55, 3.30, 5.55, 8.40. (Sat: 11.30 pm). Sun: 3.15, 5.55, 8.40

THE UGLY DACHSHUND (U). Disney's Easter offering with Suzanne Pleshette fretting hysterically over the pregnancy of her pedigree dachshund and registering violent disapproval when her husband the vet conspires to slip a Great Dane puppy in with the litter. Laboured, overlong comedy with the humans eclipsed by the animal cast. (Dean Jones, Charlie Ruggles. Dir. Norman Tokar. Col. 93 min.) With *Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree* (U). *Prince Charles Theatre,* Leicester Place, W1. GER 8181. 2.10, 4.30, 6.50, 9.15. Sun: 2.0, 4.20, 6.40, 9.0 (ends 13 Apr)

VIVA MARIA (A). Louis Malle, the director, has seized the opportunity to show off the entirely disparate talents of Mesdames Jeanne Moreau (Maria I) and Brigitte Bardot (Maria II), in a gay and amusing story about two sing-and-dance girls in a carnival who become embroiled in a South American Revolution. Henri Decaë's colour photography is a delight. (George Hamilton. Col. 120 min.) *Curzon Cinema,* Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3737

WHERE THE SPIES ARE (A). Yet another spy-melodrama. With a stylish screenplay by Val Guest and Wolf Mankowitz. David Niven plays a stuffy, slightly dotty, English doctor who is pressed into Middle-Eastern espionage. Francoise Dorleac plays a luscious double-dealer. (Dir: Val Guest. Col. 113 min.) *Ritz Leicester Square,* GER 1234. 1.30, 4.0, 6.25, 8.55. Sun: 3.40, 6.10, 8.35. Sat: 11.30 pm. Also *Odeon Kensington.* WES 0131

WILD STRAWBERRIES (A). Perhaps Bergman's most satisfying film; complex in theme and exposition, yet executed with great economy of style. Haunted by his past, an old man (played by Victor Sjöström, the Swedish director of the silent era) is forced to look back over his life, and comes to realise his inadequacy as a human being. The usual impeccable company of players. (Bibi Andersson, Ingrid Thulin. Dir: Ingmar Bergman. Swedish. 93 min. 1957.) With: *Climates of Love. La Continentale,* Tottenham Court Road. MUS 4193. *Wild Strawberries.* 2.55, 6.50. Sun: 6.50. *Climates of Love,* 12.35, 4.30, 8.35. Sun: 4.30, 8.25

coming soon

26 April: DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (Royal première, Empire Leicester Square)

2 May: OTHELLO (Royal première, Odeon Leicester Square)

5 May: MODESTY BLAISE (Première, Odeon Leicester Square)

GENERAL RELEASE

*(† Second feature varies: * Sunday programme differs)*

RANK RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: DOCTOR IN CLOVER (A). Full supporting programme

Suzanne Lloyd joins Morecambe and Wise in their second film, "That Riviera Touch."

From Sun: THAT RIVIERA TOUCH (U). Comedians Morecambe and Wise set out on their second adventure on film. This time, they are holidaying on the French Riviera, and suddenly find themselves caught up with a gang of crooks, and with the glamorous Suzanne Lloyd. (Eric Morecambe, Ernie Wise. Col. 98 min.) With: **Incident at Phantom Hill (U).**

Acton Odeon
Camden Town Odeon
Chelsea Odeon
Clapton Kenninghall (Until Sat: Cavalry Command (U). The Starfighters (U).)
Dalston Odeon
Ealing Odeon
East Ham Odeon
Edgware Road Odeon
Edmonton Regal
Finchley Gaumont
Forest Gate Odeon
Hackney Pavilion
Hammersmith Odeon
Harlesden Odeon
Hendon Odeon
Highgate Odeon
Holloway Odeon
Islington Odeon
Kensal Rise Odeon
Kilburn State
Kingsbury Odeon
King's Cross Odeon
Leyton Odeon
Mile End Road Odeon
Muswell Hill Odeon
Park Royal Odeon
Shepherd's Bush Odeon
Southgate Odeon
Stamford Hill Odeon
†**Swiss Cottage** Odeon (Not Tues 12 April. Stage: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra)
Temple Fortune Odeon
*__Tottenham__ Palace
Walham Green ABC
Walthamstow Granada
Wembley Odeon
Westbourne Grove Odeon
Wood Green Odeon

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: LIFE AT THE TOP (X). Full supporting programme

Leslie Phillips replaces Dirk Bogarde in "Doctor in Clover," the sixth in the series.

From Sun: DOCTOR IN CLOVER (A). More medical-romping from the producer-director team of Betty Box and Ralph Thomas in the sixth of the series, from Richard Gordon's novels. Having established itself as a social institution, it no longer has to even try to be funny. James Robertson Justice now attacks Sir Lancelot Spratt with a practised gusto. (Leslie Phillips, Shirley Anne Field, Fenella Fielding, John Fraser. Col. 101 min.) With: **Dateline Diamonds (A)**

Balham Odeon
Brentwood Odeon
Brixton Astoria
Bromley Odeon
Camberwell Odeon
Clapham Granada
Croydon Odeon
*__Deptford__ Odeon
East Dulwich Odeon
†**Greenwich** Granada (Not Fri 8 and Wed 13 April. Bingo)
Lewisham Odeon
Morden Odeon
Old Kent Road Astoria
Penge Odeon
Putney Odeon
Richmond Odeon
South Norwood Odeon
Streatham Odeon
†**Sydenham** Granada
Thornton Heath Granada
Tooting Granada
Well Hall Odeon
Wimbledon Odeon

ABC RELEASE NORTH

Until Sat: THE GREAT ST TRINIAN'S TRAIN ROBBERY (U). Full supporting programme

Sidney James plays a gunslinger in the Rogers-Thomas production, "Carry On, Cowboy."

From Sun: CARRY ON COWBOY (A). The myth of the Old West is a new target for the pea-shooters of the apparently indefatigable Rogers – Thomas team, this time in Stodge City. A slight shifting of emphasis in their large repertory of British comedy actors (welcome to Angela Douglas); otherwise the formula remains unchanged. (Sidney James, Kenneth Williams, Jim Dale, Joan Sims. Col. 95 min.) With: **Change Partners (A)**

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†**Acton** Granada
*__Bayswater__ ABC
Bowes Park Ritz
*__Camden Town__ Plaza
Clapton ABC
Ealing ABC
Edmonton Granada
Essex Road ABC
Golders Green ABC
Hackney ABC
Hammersmith Regal
*__Harlesden__ Coliseum
Harringay ABC
Holloway ABC
Kensal Rise Palace
Kentish Town ABC
Kilburn Essoldo
*__King's Cross__ Century
Leyton ABC
Leytonstone Rialto
Manor Park Coronation
Mile End Road ABC
Muswell Hill ABC
Neasden Ritz
Poplar Essoldo (Closed Sun)
Shepherd's Bush Essoldo
†**Stepney** Essoldo (Until Sat: Adventures of Scaramouche (U). Full supporting programme)
Stratford ABC
Stoke Newington ABC
Tottenham Florida
Upton Park ABC
Wembley ABC
Whalebone Lane Odeon
Woodford Majestic

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

Until Sat: WHERE THE SPIES ARE (A). Full supporting programme.

Ronald Searle's schoolgirl horrors help solve "The Great St Trinian's Train Robbery."

From Sun: THE GREAT ST TRINIAN'S TRAIN ROBBERY (U). Ronald Searle's little monsters are unusually subdued under Frank Launder's direction. Plenty of comic invention in Frankie Howerd's performance, but for the most part the script plays for maximum security conditions. (Dora Bryan, George Cole, Portland Mason. Col. 93 min.) With: **Torpedo Bay (U).**

Balham Ritz
Beckenham ABC
Blackheath ABC
Brixton ABC
Camberwell ABC
Catford ABC
†**Clapham Junction** Imperial (*Until Sat:* Doctor in Clover (A). Full supporting programme)
Croydon ABC
†**Crystal Palace** Granada
Elephant & Castle Theatre
Forest Hill Capitol
†**Lewisham** Rex
Old Kent Road ABC
†**Peckham** Odeon
Putney ABC
Richmond ABC
Streatham ABC
Tooting ABC
Wandsworth Road Granada (not Mon 11 or Wed 13 April. Bingo. *Until Sat:* The Guns of Navarone (A). Full supporting programme)
Wimbledon ABC

OTHER FILMS

A guide to local cinemas showing off-circuit programmes. The numbers cross-refer to films listed in the sections below. Readers should not be distracted by a jump in the sequence of numbers. This only indicates a late programme change

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

Baker Street Classic. 31, 32.
Bayswater Road International Film Theatre, 45
Brixton Classic. 16, 52.
***Brixton Granada.** 56, 67.
Camberwell Grand. 15.
Chelsea Classic. 30, 48.
Chelsea Essoldo. 34, 53.
Croydon Classic. 27, 68.
Dalston Classic. 17, 26
Ealing Walpole. 28, 46.
***East Ham Granada.** 1, 46.
Finchley Rex. 33.
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Hackney Essoldo. 22, 64.
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Hampstead Everyman. 29, 37.
Harringay Curzon. 59.
Harrow Road Prince of W[illegible]les. 3, 33
Haverstock Hill Odeon 2[illegible] 28
Hendon Gala. 43, 45.
Hendon Gaumont. 36, 44.
***Highams Park Regal.** 36[illegible]1.
Islington Rex. 4.
Kilburn Classic. 11, 41.
***Kilburn Grange.** 46, 55.
Notting Hill Classic. 42,[illegible]
Notting Hill Gaumont. 22[illegible]35.
***Notting Hill Imperial Pl[illegible]/house.** 6, 70.
Oxford Street Cinephon[illegible] 8.
Paddington Essoldo. 64.
Piccadilly Jacey. 40.
Praed Street Classic. 21[illegible]2.
Putney Globe. 46, 61.
***Queensbury Essoldo.** 60[illegible]8.
Raynes Park Rialto. 4, 6[illegible]
Richmond Gaumont. 28,[illegible]9.
St Pancras Tolmer. 14.
Southfields Plaza. 57, 63[illegible]
Stepney Odeon. 5, 58.
Stockwell Classic. 19, 6[illegible]
Stoke Newington Colis[illegible]m. 9, 25.
Tooting Astoria. 51, 55.
Tooting Bec Classic. 2[illegible]4.
***Victoria Biograph.** 24, 47[illegible]
Victoria Cameo. 20, 69.
Waterloo Station Classi[illegible] 7, 18.

ADVENTURE

1 **Adventures of the Bengal Lancers** (U). Richard Harrison. From Mon: East Ham Granada. With: Arm of Fire (U)
2 **Davy Crockett and the River Pirates** (U). Fess Parker. Until Sat: Tooting Bec Classic. With: Carry on Cabby (U)
3 **Death Drums Along the River** (U). Richard Todd, Marianne Koch. From Mon: Harrow Road Prince of Wales. Hammersmith Broadway. With: Treasure of Silver Lake (U)
4 **Doctor Who and the Daleks** (U). Peter Cushing, Roy Castle. From Sun: Raynes Park Rialto. Until Sat: Islington Rex. With: Coast of Skeletons (U)
5 **Duel of the Titans** (U). Virna Lisi, Steve Reeves. Until Sat: Stepney Odeon. With: The Sabre and the Arrow (U)
6 **East of Sudan** (U). Anthony Quayle, Sylvia Sims. From Mon: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Battle of Powder River (U)
7 **The Great Locomotive Chase** (U). Fess Paker. From Sun: Waterloo Station Classic
8 **Great Wall.** (A)1 Shintaro Katsu. Oxford Street Cinephone
9 **Hercules and the Masked Rider** (U). Alan Steel, Mimmo Palmara.

Jacques Tati in the beach scene from his own production of "Monsieur Hulot's Holiday," re-released over the Easter holidays.

From Sun: Stoke Newington Coliseum. With: Blood and the Arrow (U)

11 **In Search of the Castaways** (U). Hayley Mills, Maurice Chevalier. From Sun: Kilburn Classic. With: 30 Years of Fun (U)

13 **Lawrence of Arabia** (A). Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness. Until Sat: Hampstead Classic

14 **Merrills Marauders** (U). Jeff Chandler, Peter Brown. Until Sat: St Pancras Tolmer. With: Samson and the Slave Queen (U)

15 **River of No Return** (A). Marilyn Monroe, Robert Mitchum. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand. With: King of the Khyber Rifles (A)

16 **Savage Sam** (U). Brian Keith. Until Sat: Brixton Classic. With: Tiger of the Seven Seas (U)

17 **Wooden Horse** (U). Leo Genn, David Tomlinson. Until Sat: Dalston Classic. With: Sea of Sand (U)

COMEDIES

18 **Abbott and Costello Meet the Invisible Man** (U). Until Sat: Waterloo Station Classic

19 **Call Me Bwana** (U). Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg. Until Sat: Stockwell Classic. With: Horse Without a Head (U)

20 **Carry on Constable** (U). Sidney James, Kenneth Connor. From Sun: Victoria Cameo

21 **Darby O'Gill and the Little People** (U). Sean Connery, Janet Munro, Jimmy O'Dea. From Sun: Praed Street Classic. With: Tarzan the Magnificent (U)

22 **Doctor in Clover** (A). Leslie Phillips, Shirley Anne Field, Fenella Fielding. Until Sat: Notting Hill Gaumont. With: Dateline Diamonds (U)

23 **Great St Trinian's Train Robbery** (U). Frankie Howard, Dora Bryan. Until Sat: Haverstock Hill Odeon. With: The Little Ones (U)

24 **Island of Love** (U). Robert Preston. From Mon: Victoria Biograph. With: Vendetta (U)

25 **It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World** (U). Spencer Tracey, Buster Keaton, Mickey Rooney. Until Sat: Stoke Newington Coliseum

26 **Jason and the Golden Fleece** (U). Roland Carey. From Sun: Dalston Classic. With: Goliath and the Sins of Babylon (U)

27 **The Ladykillers** (U). Peter Sellers. Until Sat: Croydon Classic. With: Room Service (U)

28 **M. Hulot's Holiday** (U). Jacques Tati, Nathalie Pascaud. From Sun: Ealing Walpole, Finsbury Park Astoria, Haverstock Hill Odeon, Richmond Gaumont, Hackney Essoldo. With: The Crazy World of Laurel and Hardy (U)

29 **One Way Pendulum** (U). Eric Sykes, Julia Foster, Peggy Mount. From Mon: Hampstead Everyman

30 **Paris When it Sizzles** (A). Audrey Hepburn, William Holden. From Sun: Chelsea Classic

31 **Roman Holiday** (U). Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck. Until Sat: Baker Street Classic. Late show Sat 9 Apr: 11.15 pm

32 **Shot in the Dark** (A). Peter Sellers, Elke Sommer. From Sun: Baker Street Classic

33 **The Square Peg** (U). Norman Wisdom. Until Sat: Harrow Road Prince of Wales, Finchley Rex. With: The Bulldog Breed (U)

34 **That Darn Cat** (U). Hayley Mills. From Sun: Chelsea Essoldo. With: Gunfight at Sandoval (U)

35 **What's New Pussycat?** (X). Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress. From Sun: Notting Hill Gaumont. With Six-Sided Triangle (U)

36 **The Wizard of Oz** (U). Judy Garland. From Sun: Hendon Gaumont. From Mon: Highams Park Regal. With: Tom Thumb (U)

DRAMA

37 **Baie des Anges** (A). Jeanne Moreau, Claude Mann, Paul Rogers. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman. With: Dylan Thomas (U)

39 **Cleopatra** (A). Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison. Until Sat: Golders Green Ionic

40 **Damaged Goods** (X). Piccadilly Jacey. With: Go, Go, World (X)

41 **Giant** (A). James Dean, Elizabeth Taylor. Until Sat: Kilburn Classic

42 **Escape to Happiness** (A). Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard. Until Sat Notting Hill Classic. With: Man on the Beach (U). Sat Late Night: 11.15

43 **Hamlet** (U). Innokenti Smoktunovski, Anatasia Vertinska. From Sun: Hendon Gala and Bayswater Road International Film Theatre

44 **Light in the Piazza** (A). Olivia de Havilland, George Hamilton. Until Sat: Hendon Gaumont. With: Two Women (X)

45 **Loving Couples** (X). Harriet Andersson. Gunnel Lindblom. Until Sat: Hendon Gala. With: Her Bikini Never Got Wet (A)

46 **Room At the Top** (X). Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret. Until Sat: Kilburn Grange, Ealing Walpole. With: Wicked Go to Hell (X), East Ham Granada. With: We're Wrestling Tonight (A). From Sun: Putney Globe. With: Virgin Spring (X)

47 **This Is My Street** (A). June Ritchie, Ian Hendry. Until Sat: Victora Biograph. With: The Informers (X)

48 **Woman of the Dunes** (X). Eiji Okada. Until Sat: Chelsea Classic (Late show Sat: 11.30 pm)

49 **Naked World of Harrison Marks** (A). Great Windmill Street Cameo Moulin. With: We're Wrestling Tonight (A)

HORROR

51 **Phantom of the Opera** (X). Herbert Lom, Heather Sears. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. With: Balboa (A)

MUSICALS

52 **Blue Hawaii** (U). Elvis Presley. From Sun: Brixton Classic. With Three Stooges Meet Hercules (U)

53 **Fantasia** (U). Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo

54 **Hard Day's Night** (U). The Beatles. From Sun: Tooting Bec Classic. With: Tarzan the Magnificent (U)

55 **Mary Poppins** (U). Julie Andrews, Dick Van Dyke, David Tomlinson, Glynis Johns. From Mon: Kilburn Grange. From Sun: Tooting Astoria, Hampstead Classic

56 **Pinnochio** (U). From Mon: Brixton Granada. With: Doctor Syn (U)

57 **Seven Brides for Seven Brothers** (U). Howard Keel, Jane Powell, Russ Tamblyn. Until Sat: Finsbury Park Astoria. From Sun: Southfields Plaza. With: King Solomon's Mines (U)

THRILLERS

58 **Doctor No** (A). Sean Connery. From Sun: Stepney Odeon. With: From Russia With Love (A)

59 **One Spy Too Many** (A). David McCallum, Robert Vaughn. Until Sat: Harringay Curzon. With: Your Cheatin' Heart (U). Richmond Gaumont: With: Company of Cowards (U)

60 **Our Man Flint** (A). James Coburn. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo

61 **Thunderball** (A). Sean Connery. Until Sat: Highams Park Regal, Putney Globe

WAR

62 **Cockleshell Heroes** (U). Trevor Howard, Jose Ferrer. Until Sat: Praed Street Classic. With: Hell Below Zero (U)

WESTERNS

63 **Flaming Star** (A). Elvis Presley. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza. With: Wild in the Country (A)

64 **Four to the Border** (U). Rory Calhoun, Coleen Miller. Until Sat: Paddington Essoldo. With: Showdown (U). Hackney Essoldo. With: In the Doghouse (U)

65 **Hallelujah Trail** (U). Burt Lancaster. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto

66 **Man from Button Willow** (U). From Sun: Queensbury Essoldo. With: One Good Turn (U)

67 **Massacre at Fort Grant** (U). German Cobos, Marta May. Until Fri: Brixton Granada. With Triumph of the Ten Gladiators (U). Sat only: Wrestling

68 **Magnificent Seven** (U). Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, Steve McQueen. Until Sat: Hammersmith Broadway. With: Prowlers of the Everglades (A). From Sun: Notting Hill Classic, Croydon Classic, Stockwell Classic

69 **Rio Bravo** (U). John Wayne, Walter Brennan. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo

70 **Showdown** (A). Until Sat: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Black Horse Canyon (A)

CINEMA CLUBS

National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo (WAT 3232)
No Smoking. All foreign films subtitled or with earphone commentary
Th 7 Apr: Le Caporal Epinglé. 6.15, 8.30
F 8 Apr: Eve. 6.0, 8.50
Sat 9 Apr: Eve. 3.0, 6.0, 8.50
Sun 10 Apr: Eve. 3.0, 6.0, 8.50
Mon 11 Apr: The General. 6.15, 8.50
Tues 12 Apr: Eve. 6.0, 8.50
Wed 13 Apr: The War Game. 6.0, 7.15, 8.30, 9.45

Starlight Club, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Square, W1 (MAY 7777)
Thurs 7 Apr: Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed? With: Vicki. 7.45, 11.0, 9.35
Sun 10 Apr, 3 days: Easter Parade. Sun and Mon: 8.30. Tues: 9.15. Also: Tues only: Swing Time. 7.15
Wed 13 Apr: I'd Rather Be Rich. 8.0, 10.30

New Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, Leicester Square, WC2 (TEM 3334). Until Sat 9 Apr: The Royal Ballet. 3.30, 6.0, 8.30

Academy Cinema Club, Oxford Street, W1 (GER 8819). Until Thurs 14 Apr: The Boyar's Plot. 6.0, 8.30. Sat and Sun: 3.30, 6.0, 8.30

FILMS IN FLIGHT

TWA. East/West-bound. Until Sat: The Rare Breed. James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara. From Sun: Our Man Flint. James Coburn, Gila Golan, Lee J Cobb

PAN-AM. East-bound. From Thurs: Where the Spies Are. David Niven, Francoise Dorleac. **West-bound.** From Thurs: The Rare Breed. James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara

STOP PRESS

ABC Fulham Road, ABC Edgware Road. Until Sat: The Singing Nun (U). Debbie Reynolds, Ricardo Montalban. From Sun: Stop the World – I Want To Get Off (A). Millicent Martin, Tony Tanner. With: Brainstorm (A)

CAMBERWELL Grand. From Mon: Black Buccaneer (U). Ricardo Montalban, Vincent Price. With: Master Spy (U)

PADDINGTON Essoldo. From Mon: Zorro (U)

CHARING CROSS Jacey. From Thurs: Marianna (X). Lotte Tarpe.

MARBLE ARCH Jacey. His Woman, Her Man (U). Gina Lollobrigida. With: Round the Bend (U)

BOOKS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Billion Dollar Brain by Len Deighton. 2 Pomes Pennyeach by James Joyce. 3 Waging Peace by Dwight D Eisenhower. 4 The Lockwood Concern by John O'Hara. 5 The Accents of Persuasion by Robert Martin.

Len Deighton wrote his fourth novel, *Billion Dollar Brain* (Cape, 21s), with a huge wall chart in front of him, to show how it moved in tempo and environment (London, Helsinki, Leningrad, New York). For his last novel, *Funeral in Berlin*, he used a card index system of 10 sections.

"It was no good," he says, "I couldn't see what was happening. For every book I have adopted a different method – I can certainly tell you how not to do it! Now I think that you need choreographic symbols to remind you of the rhythm, instead of words."

In spite of this dissatisfaction – he says that he doesn't much like any of his books, doesn't believe in reading fiction, doesn't particularly like writing it because there's so much to do – the book will almost certainly be a best seller and a successful film. He himself says it is his most skilful to date, with almost too much material because he gets absorbed in reference libraries and then can't bear to waste any of it, and some deliberate untidiness, "otherwise you come to exchange the sort of messy dynamic for the skill of telling a story."

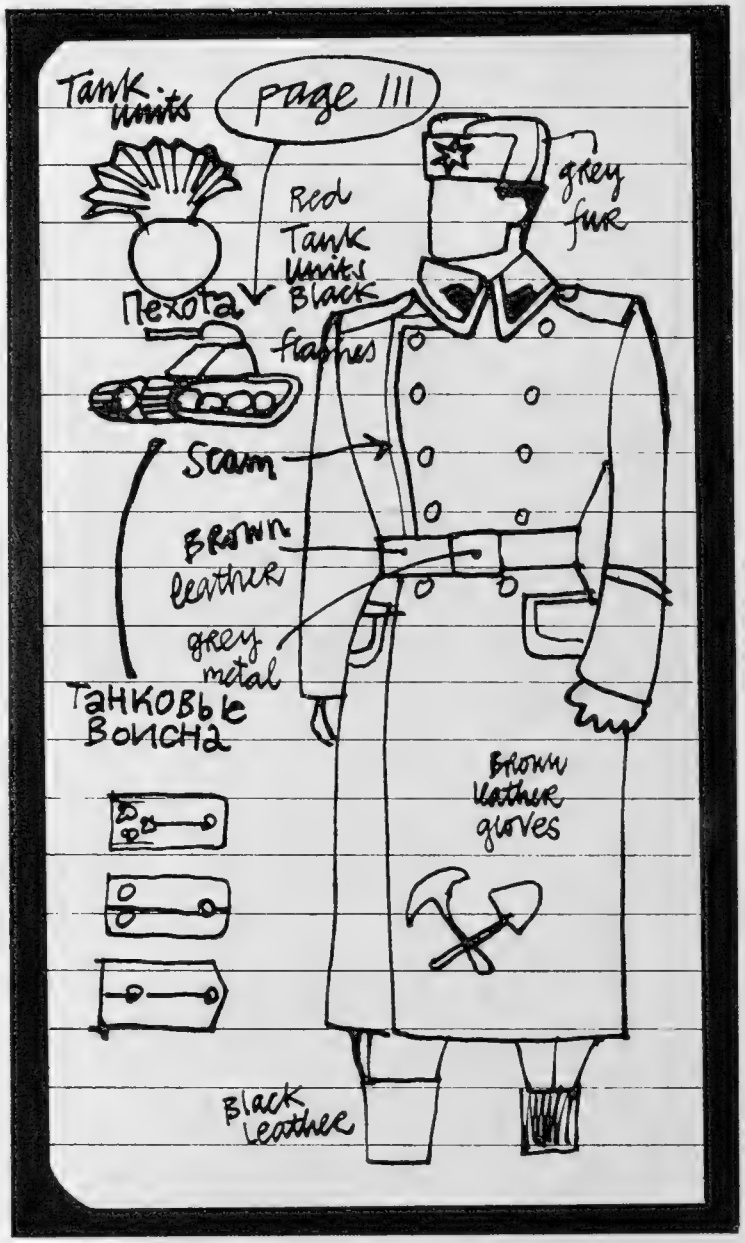
Polly Toynbee's novel, "Leftovers," will be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson at the end of the year.

He tries to make his hero, "a little more captious than the reader feels he would be in the circumstances And I try to make him succeed by thinking, not because he's got a bigger gun or a heavier fist." The hero is modelled on Deighton only when convenient – they both worry about their teeth and the fact that they may be overweight.

Deighton doesn't agree that writing a spy story is an instant passport to success. A spy film will have instant appeal to an audience because "spy is a code word for a fairly superficial entertainwhich won't rack your brains – in colour – with girls. It's a guarantee they're not going to give you a boring art film." In the East there is a long tradition of formal storytelling, where the characters wear masks denoting their role, and the interest is in the technique which reaches the foregone conclusion. He feels that first cowboy films and now spy films are a return to formalism in the West.

Ultimately, Deighton aims to write a book "that at the end I wouldn't be too cross with myself for having read."

carole d'albiac



Drawing from the notebook Len Deighton took to Finland and Russia, collecting material for "Billion Dollar Brain."

NOVELS

JOURNAL FROM ELLIPSIA by Hortense Calisher. The events take place in one day at a research centre near New York, before an audience of top scientists and their wives, at a memorial service for a beautiful anthropologist who has disappeared, leaving the instructions for her service with a former lover. A love affair between a woman who is trying to break out of human sensation and a second narrator who is trying to break in. Published by Secker & Warburg, 12 April, 30s

THE LOCKWOOD CONCERN by John O'Hara. Four generations of the Lockwood family of Swedish Haven, Pennsylvania: from Moses Lockwood (born 1811) to George Bingham Lockwood II (born 1899). The "concern" was to found a dynasty. Each generation is more attractive, better educated and more polished than the last – but what is missing? Published by Hodder & Stoughton, 12 April, 25s

A SQUARE CALLED SILENCE by Desmond Meiring. The story of a girl called Mercedes, from a stiff Madrid background, and three men, her brother, who loves her, and two others; her gradual acceptance of and corruption in the world of Latin America. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, 12 April, 21s

WYATT'S HURRICANE by Desmond Bagley. A civilian weather expert is convinced that Hurricane Mabel will change its course to strike the Island of San Fernandez in the Caribbean, but he has to persuade others that he is right. Published by Collins, 7 April, 18s

THE GUARDIAN by Sacha Carnegie. The author's second book, set in Italy during the Italian campaign of 1944, but this time told from the German point of view. Von List, small in stature but decorated for courage, has to keep up morale and an impregnable position. Published by Peter Davies, 12 April, 30s

AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD by Peter Matthiessen. Four Fundamentalist missionaries and a soldier of fortune in the Amazon jungle, and their conflict over the fate of a primitive tribe of jungle Indians. Published by Heinemann, 12 April, 30s

SHORT STORIES

TIME OUT OF MIND, AND OTHER STORIES by Pierre Boulle. Stories range from an expedition to the dark side of the moon to a madman versus a giant computer. Published by Secker & Warburg, 12 April, 25s

CURRENT AFFAIRS, BIOGRAPHY, WRITINGS

WAGING PEACE by Dwight D Eisenhower. The events, decisions, reasons and people behind them during his second term of office in the White House, 1956-1961. Suez, Little Rock, Hungary, Lebanon, the first Russian Sputnik, the Adams-Goldfine Case, the U-2 affair, the Kennedy-Nixon campaign, the inauguration of President Kennedy. Published by Heinemann, 12 April, £4 10s

MONET AND HIS WORLD by Raymond Cogniat. Story of the leader of the Impressionist movement, his character, development and optimism. Published by Thames & Hudson, 12 April, s

RETURN TO THE FAIRY HIL by Naomi Mitchison. A study of the people of Bechuanaland, especially of the Bakgatla tribe, with whom the author lived as teacher and financial adviser. The problems of cattle farming, of eating disease, schools, tribal activities, the role of the chief and of women in the tribe. Published by Heinemann, 12 April, 35

HOW 007 GOT HIS NAME by Mrs James Bond. The real James Bond, after whom Ian Fleming named his hero, is a distinguished ornithologist with a special knowledge of the Caribbean. Published by Collins, 7 April, 10s 6d

THE WORLD OF ARCHAEOLOGY ed by C W Ceram. The accounts written by great archaeologists, past and present, of the moment they made their discoveries. Published by Thames & Hudson, 12 April, 42s

CRITICISM

THE ACCENTS OF PERSUASION by Robert Bernard Martin. An analysis of Charlotte Brontë's novels, the author's thesis is that they reflect the 19th-century conflict between passion and moral intelligence, and that the conflict is resolved in *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*, Faber & Faber, 7 April, 30s

CONNOISSEURS OF CHAOS – Ideas of order in Modern American Poetry by Denis Donoghue. A study of 10 American poets, to illumine the "idea of order" which made them into a distinctive tradition. Published by Faber, 7 April, 30s

NEW PAPERBACKS

POMES PENNYEACH by James Joyce, Faber, 7 April, 4s 6d
A GRIEF OBSERVED by C S Lewis, Faber, 7 April, 5s
DEATH WATCH by Jean Genet, Faber, 7 April, 4s 6d

coming soon

14 April: QUANT BY QUANT by Mary Quant

ECONOMIC GROWTH IN BRITAIN by P D Henderson

THE BETTER HALF by Andrew Sinclair

28 April: THE NIGHT CLERK by Stephen Schneck

2 May: THE MAGUS by John Fowles

music

FIRST FIVE: 1 Elektra, Covent Garden (Thurs and Tues). 2 LPO (Britten's Symphony for 'Cello and Orchestra), Festival Hall (Thurs). 3 St Matthew Passion), Festival Hall (Friday, 5 pm). 4 LPO with Svetlanov, Festival Hall (Tues). 5 RPO (Nielsen's "Inextinguishable"), Odeon Swiss Cottage (Tues).

Orchestral managers have been worried for some time about the dearth of suitable recruits, especially string players. There's no lack of talent entering our music colleges (about 3,500 students a year); what emerges is all too seldom employable orchestral material. Various reasons are given for this situation. Some blame the colleges; they say they are geared to producing potential soloists, or teachers, not orchestral musicians. Eric Bravington, of the LPO, says: "We audition violinists who could give a Wigmore Hall recital – but put a standard orchestral part in front of them and they're stumped." Others feel the orchestra has lost its career appeal; it's not much fun playing at the back fiddle desk for hourly rates. A third factor is the disappearance of "second tier" orchestras, like theatre bands, as training-grounds.

Whatever the cause, the BBC have sought to close the gap by creating the 69-strong "New." Dublin-born Leonard Hirsch, a conductor and string specialist of vast experience, rehearses his charges five days a week; in addition they receive sectional coaching from

Yehudi Menuhin will make his debut as an opera conductor at the Bath Festival, directing Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte"

such top names as the Amadeus Quartet, Leon Goossens, and Frederick Riddle. Some of them turned down scholarships to go to Bristol. Orchestra "baby" Prudence Whittaker, clarinet, a parson's daughter from Bournemouth, says: "I was down for the Royal College, but I'd have got perhaps six weeks' orchestral experience in a year. I think I've done the right thing." The New Orchestra is costing the BBC £100,000 a year and worth it, judging from broadcasts. They hope other money-eyed musical organisations (one of the record companies, perhaps?) may be moved to follow their example.

The future of London music could depend on an event at Bristol's Colston Hall next week. The New BBC Orchestra, 12th on the Corporation roster, is giving its first public concert. Formed three months ago, it is unique as the world's only fully professional training orchestra. The players, aged from 18 to 26, earn £20 a week in return for weekly broadcasts and monthly concerts; but their real job is to learn their craft, to the ultimate benefit not just of the BBC, but Britain's symphony orchestras at large.

richard last

American mezzo-soprano Irene Dalis (right) who, as Amme (left) in "Die Frau ohne Schatten," will be appearing with the Hamburg State Opera when the company opens at Sadler's Wells on 2 May.

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 7 Apr: Britten, Busoni. London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir. Conductor: John Pritchard. Soloists: Maurice Gendron, cello, John Ogdon, piano. 8.0
Good Friday: *St Matthew Passion,* Bach. London Choral Society, Philomusica of London. Conductor: John Tobin. Soloists: Robert Tear, John Lawrenson, Thelma Godfrey, Maureen Lehane, Bernard Dickerson, John Barrow, Peter Gellhorn, harpsichord, Alan Harverson, organ. Part I: 5.0, Part II: 7.45
Sat 9 Apr: Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Walter Susskind. Soloist: Elaine Skorodin, violin. 8.0
Easter Sunday: Mussorgsky, Rachmaninov, Tchaikovsky. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Eugene Svetlanov. Soloist: Ronald Turini, piano. 7.30
M 11 Apr: Handel, Tchaikovsky, Dukas, Ravel, Rossini-Respighi. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Arthur Fiedler. Soloist: Gary Graffman, piano. 8.0
T 12 Apr: Wagner, Beethoven, Shostakovich. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Eugene Svetlanov. Soloist: Bella Davidovich, piano. 8.0
W 13 Apr: Britten, Berlioz. BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Chorus and Choral Society. Conductor: Antal Dorati. Soloist: Alexander Young, tenor. 8.0

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, W7 (KEN 8212). Good Friday: *Messiah,* Handel. Royal Choral Society, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloists: Heather Harper, Marjorie Thomas, William McAlpine, John Cameron, Arnold Greir, organ. 2.30
Easter Sunday: 1916 Commemoration – Golden Jubliee Concert. 7.45

FAIRFIELD HALL, Croydon (CRO 9291). Th 7 Apr: The Oscar Peterson Trio

BARNET PARISH CHURCH. Easter Sunday: Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols. Choir, conductor: David Patrick. Soloist: Ramsay Silver, organ. 6.30

ODEON, Swiss Cottage (PRI 3424). T 12 Apr: Grieg, Nielsen. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: John Frandsen. Soloist: John Ogdon, piano. 8.0

BALLET

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Sat 9 Apr: Cinderella, Prokofiev/Ashton. Conductor: Young. Principal: Nadia Nerina. 2.15
Cinderella, Prokofiev/Ashton. Conductor: Larchbery. Principals: Fonteyn, MacLeary. 7.30
W 13 Apr: Cinderella, Prokofiev/Ashton. Conductor: Young. Principals: Fonteyn, MacLeary. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). W 13 Apr: Sun Into Darkness, Williamson/Darrell/Rudkin. World Première. Conductor: Kenneth Alwyn. The Western Theatre Ballet Company. 7.30

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 7 Apr: Elektra, R Strauss (in German). Conductor: Downes. Principals: Shuard, Collier, Mödl, Lanigan, Shaw. 7.30
M 11 Apr: Iphigénie en Tauride, Gluck (in French). Conductor: Pritchard. Principals: Veasey, Bonhomme, Massard, Alberti. 7.30
T 12 Apr: Elektra, R Strauss (in German). Conductor: Downes. Principals: Shuard, Collier, Mödl, Lanigan, Shaw. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). Th 7, Sat 9 and T 12 Apr: Die Fledermaus, Strauss. Conductor: Matheson. Principals: Eddy, June, S Chapman, Andrew, Belcourt, Fryatt, Shilling. 7.30

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). T 12 and W 13 Apr: Don Carlos, Verdi. Excerpts from the new complete recording. Admission free by application. 7.30

BALLET

Even the most bleary-eyed swan fancier cannot have failed to notice the swannery's greatly improved Swan Queen, Antoinette Sibley, at Covent Garden last Monday. Her Odette-Odile, of course, has always been good-bad, as dual-qualitied as the role itself. She dances a dream – sure she does, everyone knows *that* – and to add to this she is beginning to develop that air of forlorn Romanticised tragedy that once eluded her (perhaps husband Michael Somes has been a help here). It is only in the real *acting,* particularly in the Ballroom Scene, that she comes unstuck: she does not accept Rothbart's "advice" convincingly enough, for example, and she failed to bring any sort of climax to the final act. Still, her "white acts" had precision, speed, accuracy, control and a certain diluted poignancy, and her overall performance was probably of greater involvement, dramatically, than she has ever given to date.

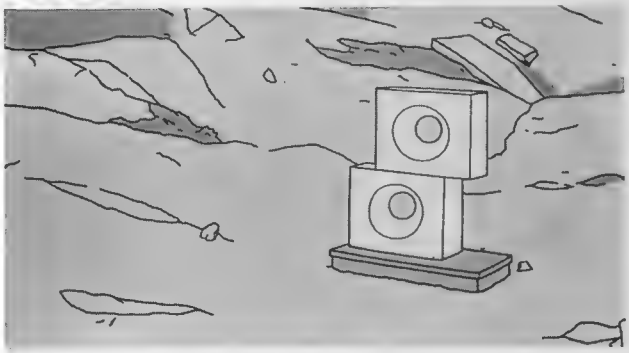
In the *pas de quatre* (danced by Jennifer Penney, Ann Jenner, Robert Mead and Anthony Dowell) we had one of this dance's most interesting castings since it was first created in 1963. Jenner was in perfect control throughout, although partnered by a still diffident Robert Mead. Jennifer Penney, making her second appearance since her début in this part on 21 March, danced with a beautiful crystalline clarity. Her natural classical attributes were always clear and decisive, never marred by fussy or flashy "trimmings," and being totally unmannered she came across with absolute simplicity. In their particular generation and pedigree, both Penney and Jenner must surely be the two most promising young dancers in the Royal Ballet today.

As a production, Covent Garden's present *Swan Lake* leaves much to be desired: the final act is still an anti-climax; the *pas de quatre* is out of place in Act I and is essentially a Ballroom virtuoso piece; the Dance of the Four Cygnets is as embarrassing as ever; and Rothbart's demise is really too ham for words. It is possible to go on re-thinking *Swan Lake* until the cows come home; but that's all this production needs: not wholesale manslaughter.

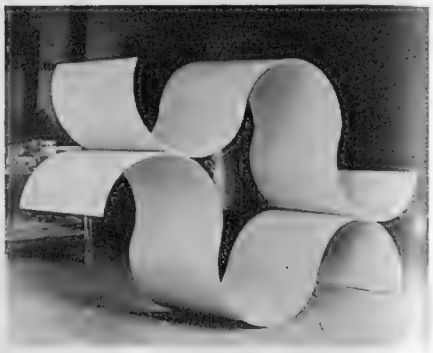
ian woodward

GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 Dubuffet (ICA). 2 Michelangelo Tondo (V & A). 3 Robert Motherwell (Whitechapel). 4 Figurative Painting (Hampstead Arts Centre). 5 Richard Lin (New London).

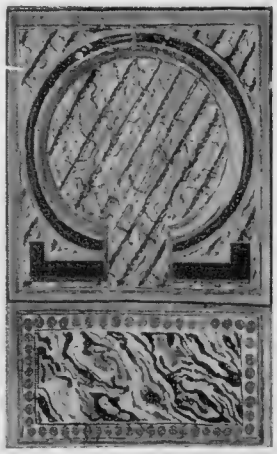


Patrick Caulfield at Robert Fraser

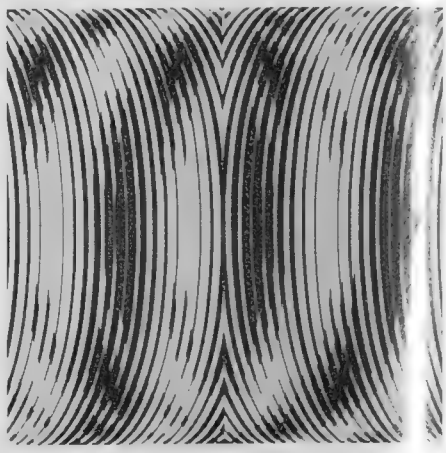


David Annesley at Waddington

Sung jar at Bluetts



Grant at Arts Council



Steele at McRoberts and Tunnard

Most people admit, under pressure, that there are certain kinds of painting that they do not properly understand and about which they are not really competent to pass an opinion. Not that that stops them. When it comes to knowing a good drawing when they see one, such modesty is not sustained: everyone just knows. And that includes me. I have never, to my recollection, been convinced by anyone else's arguments or enthusiasms on the subject when they did not coincide with what I was already convinced about, while I have often been persuaded about paintings.

Modern art has only added to the confusion, but in fact the arguments will be found in all periods. The Renaissance didn't think much of Gothic drawing and Mannerism and Baroque art each reacted against the academic style that grew out of the Renaissance. For example, a distinction soon grew between more or less rationalised academic drawing and the kind of drawing that Titian and Veronese would make. We would now call it "painterly," implying that it was suggestive rather than specific, that it included a strong sense of colour and texture, in other words, it was the same kind of drawing that they used directly in their paintings.

American artist Jim Dine has come to England to work for a month in the Editions Alecto Workshop with Christopher Prater, the screen printer of Kelpra Studios.

Looking at things the other way round, the masterly control of form and perspective, in, say, Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne*, is the result of a combination of tone and colour and proportion that cannot be separated into "drawn" or "painted" marks. The same is true for artists as divergent as Rembrandt, Goya, Turner and Degas – or for that matter, Bonnard.

Of course, examples could be found of each of these artists employing careful and conventional modelling, and there are equal artists, such as Rodin, Matisse and Picasso, who could be said to put a line round things – or rather make a line expressive in a restricted but infinitely subtle way. But even then the purposes of drawing are by no means exhausted. Often, drawing a small sketch or cryptic mark is a way for the artist not to say too much too soon, to keep the possible development of an image wide open without being forgotten.

keith sutton

OPENING

AIA. 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4846. Prints by members. 13 April-4 May. M-F 11-6, Sat 11-4

JOHN CHRISTOPHERSON and **TIMOTHY GIBBS.** Leicester, 4 Audley Street, W1. MAY 1159. Christopherson; recent collages. Gibbs; paintings and gouaches. 14 April – 7 May. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

BRUNO GOLLER. Hanover, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. Recent paintings by German artist (b. 1901), figurative imagery. 15 April-7 May. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

MICHEL DE ST OUEN. Artists Own, 26 Kingly Street. REG 8308. Second solo exhibition of fantasy paintings and drawings. 13-26 April. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

HAMPSTEAD ARTS CENTRE, Arkwright Road, NW3. HAM 2643. Anthology of Figurative Painting: including works by Michael Andrews, Euan Uglow, Dennis Creffield and Josef Herman. Second exhibition by new venture promoted by the Borough of Camden which includes galleries and an art school. 15 April-29 May. Adm free. Tue-Sat 12-8, Sun 2-7

SOUVERBIE. Roland, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. REG 7894. Recent paintings. 13 April-13 May. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

MARIAN BOHUSZ and **J IQBAL GEOFFREY.** Drian, 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Bohusz; second exhibition of religious paintings by the professor of the Polish School of Painting in London. Geoffrey; first exhibition at gallery, recent paintings. 14 April-30 April. Daily 10-6

BRIAN WALL. Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. Head of Sculpture Department at the Central School having first solo exhibition of his recent sculpture since showing in the British Sculpture of the Sixties at the Tate. 1965. 13 April-7 May. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

WOODSTOCK, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAY 4419. El Said, Azzouz and Bayzid. Three Arab artists showing colourful paintings. 12 April-30 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CURRENT SHOWS

DAVID ANNESLEY. Waddington, 2 Cork Street, W1. REG 1719. Recent sculpture; first solo exhibition with gallery. Until 23 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ARCADE GALLERY, 7 Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. HYD 1879. Mannerist and Baroque paintings, also sculpture and many small items, Greek, African Oceanic, etc. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

BLUETT & SONS, 48 Davies Street, W1. MAY 4018. Exhibition of the Abraham and Garratt Collections of old Chinese Porcelain. Abraham; principally earlier periods. Garratt; superb examples of Ming. Until 16 April. Daily 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

CURWEN, 1 Coleville Place, W1. MUS 1459. Prints from the Charlotte Street Workshop: for 10 years Birgit Skiold has run a lithograph and etching workshop for the use of practising artists at a nominal fee: show includes prints by Adrian Heath and Derek Greaves. 30 April. M-F 10-5. Th 10-7, Sat 10-1

ROBERT DASH. Crane Kalman, 178 Brompton Road, SW3. KNI 7566. First London exhibition of New York-born artist. Until 12 April. Daily 10-7, Sat 10-1, 2-4

ALAN DAVIE. Gimpels Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 720. Several very large recent paintings. Until 23 April. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

ANTHONY D'OFFAY, 8 [illegible]go Street, W1. REG 5568. Impres[illegible]nist and Modern Drawings [illegible]nd Watercolours. Until 17 April. [illegible]-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

DUBUFFET. ICA, 17 Dover St[illegible]et, W1. GRO 6186. Retrospective e[illegible]hibition of period 1935-65, sel[illegible]ted by Roland Penrose in consult[illegible]on with the artist. About 70 wor[illegible] in gouache, pen and ink, etc, [illegible]til 30 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1. [illegible]dm 2s 6d. Members free

WOJCIECH FANGOR. Grabo[illegible]ski, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. KEN [illegible]68. First exhibition in Londor of luminous oil paintings of op[illegible]ical nature. Until 22 April. Daily [illegible]0-6

ROBERT FRASER, 69 Duke St[illegible]eet, W1. MAY 7196. Works in Prog[illegible]ess; one major new work with re[illegible]ted drawings and prints by [illegible]eter Blake, Colin Self, Partick Caulfield, Dereck Boshier and Richard Hamilton. Until 16 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

ROGER FRY. Arts Council, 4 St James's Square, SW1. WHI 9737. "Vision and Design." An exhibition of the life, work and influence of Roger Fry. Until 16 April. M-Sat 10-6, T & Th 10-8

NAUM GABO. Tate, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. Retrospective exhibition. Three-dimensional works by the constructivist Naum Gabo (born Russia 1890); also includes paintings, watercolours and drawings. The works date from 1908 to the present day. Until 15 April. M-Sat 10-6, T & Th to 8, Sun 2-6

MICHAEL KENNY, Hamilton, 8 St George Strteet, W1. HYD 3196. Recent sculpture. Until 16 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

BRIAN KOETSER. Gallery, 38 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. WHI 6309. Exhibition of Dutch, Flemish, German and Italian Old Master paintings. Until May. M-F 10-6, Sat 9.30-1

LORD'S, 26 Wellington Road, NW8. PRI 4444. "Bonnard, Lautrec and the 90s – Posters." 16 April. Daily 10-7 incl. Sun

RICHARD LIN and **LUCEBERT.** Marlborough New London, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Lin – recent paintings and constructions. Lucebert – recent oil paintings. 20 April. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

McROBERTS & TUNNARD, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Ten '66: including Richard Allen, Michael Kidner, Jeffrey Steele. Until 16 April. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

ROBERT MOTHERWELL. Whitechapel, E1. BIS 1492. Retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings from 1941 to 1965. Until 17 April. T-Sat 11-6, Sun 2-6

NATIONAL GALLERY. Trafalgar Square, WC2. WHI 7618. Five paintings by Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin on loan exhibition until 31 March before being taken to Israel Museum as a gift from HANADIV. Permanent collection of Old Masters, possibly the most comprehensive in the world. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6. Adm free

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY, Buckingham Palace, SW1. "George IV and The Arts of France." The new exhibition will contain furniture, pictures, tapestries and other works of art from the Royal Collection. It is designed to show some of the more important French works which were acquired for the Royal Collection by King George IV. Until further notice. T-Sat 11-5, Sun 2.30-5. Closed M. Adm. 2s 6d, students 1s 6d

GEORGES ROUAULT. Redfern, 20 Cork Street, W1. REG 1732. Paintings and aquatints including items from *The Passion, Les Fleurs du Mal* and the *Miserere.* Until 22 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

ALBERT STADLER. Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Second solo exhibition; fairly large canvases with soft-edged bands of colours. Until 23 April. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

MICHAEL THORPE. Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BEL 3490. First one-man show of abstract paintings. Until 26 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PHILIP TURNER. Piccadilly, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Recent sculptures. Until 16 April. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

MICHAEL TYZACK, Axion Gallery, 79 Duke Street, W1. HYD 6646. Recent paintings by Liverpool first prize winner. Mixed oil paintings – mostly large but some small. Until 20 April. Daily 10-6. Sat 10-1

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, South Kensington, SW7. KEN 6371. The Michelangelo Tondo: temporary exhibition with related drawings by Michelangelo and Raphael. Adm. 2s, school parties 1s each student, season 7s 6d. Until mid-May. Also special exhibition of restored and cleaned Raphael cartoons. All galleries open free daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

ZWEMMER, 26 Lichfield Street, WC2. TEM 1793. Drawings for the Collector, including work by Picasso, Themerson and Boydd. 30 April. Also Richard Beer: Mediterranean Etchings. Until 16 April

coming soon

ROUAULT EXHIBITION of some 120 works, selected and catalogued by John Russell, will be shown

SALEROOMS

Between Good Friday and the following Wednesday London's art salerooms embark on their annual Easter holidays. The first auction-house to return is Puttick & Simpson with their normal weekly sale of ceramics and objects of art on Wed 13 April. On Thursday everybody else reluctantly abandons the relics of their Easter festivities and gets back to business

Have you ever wondered where you could get a walking-stick which was really an air-gun, or a tiny pistol to hide in your fur muff? Christie's are selling just these things in their sale of fine arms and armour, firearms and pewter on Thurs 14 April at 11 am. Amazingly, there is only so far one lot in this sale of 325 articles which requires the possession of a current firearms certificate. This is a German needle-fire military rifle dated 1866. Of course, the actual number of ancient weapons needing such certificates is not finally determined until the moment of the actual sale. By this time the local police force has had time to browse through the list of items for sale submitted to them by the auction-house. The general rule, though, is that any gun less than 100 years old needs a licence and anything older doesn't. But it still goes without saying that anybody with the know-how could make these weapons work and they are all reasonably lethal.

One exception to this rule is a rare flintlock blunderbuss-pistol. It is an 18th century example of a theatrical gun. The weapon's barrel is blocked and on firing, the powder is expelled through the steel ramrod pipe giving the effect of fire on the stage. It could fetch around £150

Among the many interesting swords, rapiers and knives in the sale is a sword known as The Wakefield Sword. It was discovered while workmen were digging a ditch on the site of the Battle of Wakefield which took place in 1460. It is an extremely rare partly single-edged bowman's sword and there is only one other known in existance – in the Tower of London. It could go for around £300

The afternoon's sale starts with pewter at 2.30 pm. Among these items is a rare commemorative Restoration charger engraved with the Royal Arms of England bearing the royal monogram of Charles II

The sale continues with stonebows which one can pick up for between £25 and £40, and crossbows, halberds and tilting lances. Another unusual weapon is a medieval boy's sword. The sale ends with several helmets and extremely fine suits of armour. The last lot is by far the most splendid. It is a Maximillian part-armour made in South Germany around 1530 and it could fetch between £1,500 and £2,000

On the same day Sotheby's are holding a morning sale of fine English pottery at 11 am

Among the fine pieces in this sale is a rare Staffordshire slipware owl jug and cover made around 1720. The brown pottery body is covered by a combed agate glaze and the head or cover of the jug can be used as a stirrup cup. The companion jug to this is in the British Museum. It could fetch between £300 and £400

A fine Maximillian part-armour (Sotheby's, Thurs 14 April)

Among the more typical pieces of Staffordshire in the sale is a Ralph Wood bull-baiting group showing a bull with a dog snapping at his feet. The celebrated potter Ralph Wood and his family owned one of the more famous pottery factories in Staffordshire during the 18th and 19th centuries

There is a fine Staffordshire solid-agate teapot and milk jug in this sale. Unlike the owl jug which has only agate glaze, this milk jug and teapot are made of solid agate – their bodies are made of a mixture of different coloured clays. This pair were made for export in 1760 when Staffordshire carried on a tremendous export trade of pottery with France. Today in various parts of France one can buy pottery with this agate glaze, so the result of the glaze becoming so popular in France during the 18th and 19th centuries caused the French potteries to copy it

This actual milk jug and teapot were bought in France two months ago by the vendor, who was told that they had been manufactured in France

Among the creamware items at the end of the sale is an 18th century electioneering mug bearing the inscription "Chewton and Hay For Ever." They were a bit more optimistic about their elections in those times

ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Bonham & Sons Ltd, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161) – three days before sale

Christie Manson & Woods Ltd, 8 King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – three days before sale

Puttick & Simpson Ltd, 7 Blenheim Street, W1 (GRO 8541) – two days before sale

Sotheby & Co, 24 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – two days before sale

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RESTAURANTS

Signora Price: her aim, Italian Italian cooking, not the English impression of it.

Miss Marghanita Laski recently protested that *The Guardian* keeps on recommending holiday hide-aways that had been, thereto, known only to a few vacationing sybarites. A pity, said Miss Laski, to let the locust holiday-makers in on the secret. *The Guardian's* editor was dignified, but firm. We do not, said he, believe that what is good enough for Miss Laski is too good for our readers.

I know what he means. But then I know what she means, too. Why, only the other Sunday, the first day of official Summer Time, I had to take my China tea and crumpets at home – because Louis's Hungarian Patisserie, recommended here on March 5, had hungry hordes queueing on the street for their five o'clock comestibles and beverages.

A man's duty is a man's duty for all that. With some trepidation and a little regret I deliver unto your maws an Italian restaurant that London's other good food guiders are quiet about: La Colombina d'Oro, 61 Dean Street, at the corner with Old Compton Street. Signora Ideale Price opens every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sundays 6.30) to 11.30. She accepts no credit cards. She puts out no menus to attract passing trade. (Reservations: REG 4150, 6875.)

In Italianate hospitality and unblushing seclusion she is like her native country's southern Adriatic Coast: warm and friendly, untouched and unspoilt by the depredation and demands of contemporary ubiquitous tourism.

La Colombina has, too, something about it smacking of Chesterton's Flying Inn; for Italian-loving eating friends of mine, like Annette Page and Len Deighton, seem to have been seeking this golden bird ever since Barker Street, Holborn, was pulled down.

Signora Ideale Licetti Price came to London in 1944. In some mysterious way she married an Englishman in Italy that year – "As an experience," she grins and shrugs – and started La Colombina in Barker Street "as a hobby." Seven years ago she moved to Soho, replacing what Len Deighton remembers having been a rather murky café that ran regular Bohemian parliaments. Her "new" Colombina is the kind of restaurant you'll find in real Italy, with pinewood chairs and tables, carpeting on the floors, and a vase of tulips on at least one table.

Most of her customers are Italian – either working here, or families of tourists visiting; the only kind of tourists she encourages, at that. In her early days as restaurateur she offered no menu at all: "I only want people who like me, not who like the menu outside."

The aim, she says, is Italian Italian cooking. She says emphatically: "Englishmen like the impression of what Italian cooking is. Italians don't like English Italian cooking."

Signora Price is a purist in defence of her beloved *cucina Toscana*: "It is not heavy, *assolutamente* no! Everything Tuscan is done in a light method because I don't use fats." She has been known to refuse to serve Americans who wanted mustard with their Parma ham. And she says in horror: "*Escalope milanaise con spaghetti* – no! First you eat the spaghetti, then I give you escalope."

Once an Italian boy brought his English girl-friend to the Colombina. Italian-style, they were served spaghetti – with only a fork to eat by. When the girl asked, shyly, for a spoon as well, Signora said: "No! If she wants to eat spaghetti, she's got to learn to eat it properly."

A character, you see. An Italian friend tells me: "It's like being at home here. There are no formalities. She speaks her mind. Everybody knows her." After 22 years in London, Signora Price still speaks relatively little English – though her daughter Giovanna Mogil, married to an Englishman, did the Queen's speech in Italian for the BBC's Foreign Service on Christmas Day.

The menu here is uncompromisingly Italian, with no explanations – you must ask her for those. The first time I was there she wouldn't let me eat *coteghino*, an Italian sausage served with white beans (12s 6d), because, she said, "It's too Italian." I tried it the second time – and, like everything else she serves, it was delicious. The menu seems limited: pasta from 5s to 8s (*spaghetti alle vongole*, with shellfish, is first rate); chicken *dorato e fritto* (14s 6d), *alla cacciatora* (13s 6d), and *diavolo, molto diavolo*. There is veal in various forms. There is pork – *braciola di maiale con polenta* (13s 6d) – delicately cooked with a variety of herbs. All dishes include vegetables.

But get to know Signora Price a little better and she will cook you many delectations beside: *tortelloni alla panna* – small square pasta with cream, cheese and butter sauce. Or crab, or trout, or fish soup.

Finish the meal with cheese (4s) or *crema caramella* (4s) or *zabaglione* (5s) and some freshly made eyeball-popping strong Italian coffee – "*molto brava*," says Signora. With a carafe of good wine at 20s ("only strangers buy the labelled bottles") and service at 10 per cent added to your bill, expect to pay about £4 for two.

"Byron called Italy the garden of Europe," says Signora with pride. I call her Colombina an ecstasy-producing transplantation.

arthur pottersman

ITALIAN STYLE

BIANCHI'S, 21a Frith Street, W1 **(GER 5194).** Monday to Saturday 12-3 and 6-11.45. The newly decorated downstairs restaurant is open on Sundays, but the upstairs one remains more atmospheric. I've always liked the friendly style of restaurant manager Piero Carbonetti. It's very inexpensive here, and very good. Parma ham (7s 6d) is the most expensive *antipasto*. *Brodi* (broths) include rice, peas and chicken liver (3s 6d), *pastina* (3s). Fish includes trout three ways (9s 6d and 10s 6d) – with prawns, crayfish, or garlic and herb sauce. Meatier specialities: a nice number of kidney and liver dishes (9s 6d). I have enjoyed *petto di pollo sorpresa* (chicken breast filled with piquant butter, it says here) and the *cotolette di vitello alla sassi* (veal cutlet with herbs and marsala). These are relatively expensive at 12s 6d. The *zabaglione* is fine (4s 6d). Carafe wines are 15s, but it's a good-sized carafe. Some Saturday mornings the most bizarre clientele has been observed: like a lady whose psychiatrist was clearly continuing her psyche-baring session over pasta and *pollo*. Average bill £3-£3

LA TRATTORIA, 19 Romilly Street, W1 (GER 3334, 8991). Among the best Italian food in town. They seem to have shed the "Trattor" description – prices left that far behind a while ago – but there's still a severe shortage of elbow room in some corners, and the striped blue-shirted waiters can be careless as well as carefree. Open every day 12-3 and 6-12. Best to book. *Pasta del giorno* varies, but pasta e fagioli (thick bean soup (4s) and *pollo sorpresa* (rolled and stuffed chicken breast, 15s 6d) make excellent and regular eating. I have also enjoyed: Octopus in a rich sauce (15s 6d) and the chicken livers on risotto (12s 6d). Jonathan Clowes, the literary agent, speaks highly of the trout (12s 6d). Best sweets *zabaglione* (5s 6d) and the "secret recipe" pancake Terrazzino (2s 6d). Italian wines: red – Valpolicella Bolla, 22s 6d and 12s; white – Lacrima Christi, 23s 6d and 12s 6d. Average bill for two: £4 5s to £4 15s. Good eavesdropping. I once overheard a chap advising the Boulting Brothers on a film deal: "You play it from strength and I'll play it from guile, and between us we'll finish the job." Credit cards: American Express, Diners, Eurocard

TRATTORIA POSITANO, 208 Fulham Road, SW10 **(FLA 2392).** Monday to Saturday 12-3 and 6-11.15. The food here, a taster tells me, is ordinary to good. It's one of the few modest places where they actually cook for you as opposed to heating up. Simple Italian eating: macaroni, spaghetti, etc (4s 6d and 5s 6d) includes *alle cozze* – with mussels, *alla matriciana* – with chopped ham, bacon, Pecorino cheese and tomato sauce. In the fish line, *cefalo* – grey mullet baked in white wine – is highly spoken of (from 11s 6d, depending on you and the mullet). Among house specialities: *zuppa di pesce* – six varieties of fish in red wine (12s 6d) and *pollo alla positano* – also in red wine (10s 6d). Once again, little to be said about the sweets: they are *dolci*, yes, but so little choice – *zabaglione*, *crema caramel*, and so on (3s to 4s 6d). There is also a crêpe suzette, but it's not compulsory. Italian wines are 13s 6d by the carafe; San Pellegrino also there. Bennie Benci, who runs the Positano, used to be in charge of the snack bar at a Fleet Street pub called the Cock, and fellow-Streeters might like to know that he "never forgets a Fleet Street face." His brother really is chief of police at Positano, so maybe that's a family trait. Impoverished debs' escorts can get a bit of credit from this tender-hearted man. So could other regulars, such as Spike Milligan, Peter O'Toole, except that they don't need it. Credit cards: Diners. Average bill £3-£3 10s

TRATTORIA SANTA LUCIA, 20 Rupert Street, W1 **(GER 3818).** Open every day from 12-3 and 6-12. Angelo, your attentive and interested host, has just introduced an enlarged and more elaborate menu which sorts well with his cool, tiled floor (though, as at all such trats, this is never quite right for England except on some hotter summer days) and the familiar trat atmosphere. Some unusual *antipasti*, including *peperoni alla paisana* – fresh pepper roasted in olive oil (4s 6d); and *lumache alla Bolognese* – snails with spinach, which must mean they eat that while you eat them (7s). Spaghetti is good and chewy, and they do it *Napoletano* (4s 6d), *vongole* (5s 6d), *carbonara* (5s 6d), *acciughe e preszemolo* (5s 6d). There's the usual Italian variety of meats – chicken, veal, some steaks from 10s 6d to 15s 6d; a selection of fish – *frittura di mare* – fried baby octopus and scampi (10s 6d), turbot, soles, and the unusual *cozze gratinate* – mussels in breadcrumbs, cheese and garlic (7s 6d). Sweets here go beyond the normal more limited selection. That Italians call our trifle *zuppa Inglese* (3s 6d) is a fact which affords me great glee. Also try the *coppa di castagna* – chestnut purée and ice-cream (4s). I commend the house wines, at 16s a bottle. I commend, too, the value-for-money that you get here, highly thought of by the literary and journalistic clientele and its admixed dash of showbiz. Credit cards: Diners, American Express, Hilton. Average bill £3-£3 10s

VENEZIA, 21 Great Chapel Street, W1 **(GER 6506).** Monday to Saturday 12.15-3 (last orders) and 6.15-11.30 (last orders). For one thing this *ristorante* does some real sweets: jam rolled omelette (6s), home-made cake (3s 6d) and chestnuts and cream (3s 6d) besides the customary Italian *dolci*. For another, it's amusing if not necessarily instructive to compare the Italian side of their menu with the other half – in which *agnolotti in brodo* becomes Agnolotti in Broth, and so on. I approve their *spaghetti alla carbonara* (6s 6d) not least because my historical sense helps me imagine I'm part of an eating conspiracy! Once or twice a good dish turns up with herbs, like the excellent *filletto di vitello al rosmarino* (25s for two). Carafe wine (Italian, of course) at about 13s. Credit cards. American Express. Average bill £3-£3 10s

VERBANELLA, 35 Blandford Street, W1 **(WEL 2174).** Monday to Saturday, 12-3.30 and 5.30-11.30 (last orders). Cheaper than Soho trats, with a bustling and bubbling atmosphere. Pasta and *pizza* (3s 6d to 5s 6d) get good mentions. Likewise the minestrone and four kinds of chicken broth (2s and 2s 6d). They do a trout in white wine with mussels (7s 6d), their own *escalope verbanella* (8s) cooked with ham and *bel paese*, and one or two very Italian but slightly unusual dishes such as *entrecôte alla Piemontese* (9s 6d) which is the steak itself cooked in red wine with almonds and fennel sauce. Vegetables come with all main dishes. The usual slender selection of Italian sweets – *cassata* (2s 6d), *zabaglione* (3s 6d), and cheeses (2s 6d). Wines include a good carafe at 11s 6d (red and white) or 13s 6d (rosé). They also do that excellent Italian mineral water San Pellegrino at 3s 6d the half-bottle. Average bill £3-£3 10s

AROUND TOWN

ANDALUCIA, 80 Heath Street, NW3 **(HAM 4111).** Open every day; lunch 12-3; dinner 6-12. I'm not sure what this restaurant's reputation depends on – except, perhaps, misty memories of its Bohemian coffee-bar past, when the Mexican Ambassador was said to travel over from Belgravia for the *paella*. In fact the eating here is best described as erratic Spanish. On the whole the hors d'oeuvres are not good, though the fried *calamares* (7s 6d) are worth sampling. The onion soup (3s 6d) and the minestrone (3s) are definitely not recommended. I haven't yet tested the *gazpacho Andaluz* (4s 6d) – more news of that when the weather gets warmer. Main dishes include a number of unremarkable Continental items. I prefer the Spanish specialities: *Paella Valenciana* (12s 6d); and the *parillada de pescado* (15s 6d), which is often very good indeed, but (I warn you) also very garlicky. This is a dish of squid, turbot, prawns, mussels – all grilled – and lobster and bream, both fried. No accompaniment needed but the mixed (and garlicked!) salad. Sweets: peach Melba (4s 6d) is adequate; *cassata* with hot chocolate sauce (4s 6d) may be too much for some palates. Just drinkable coffee 1s 6d. Very pleasant Spanish wine: Lagunilla Red (14s bottle only). I also liked the Spanish mineral water – which indicates something about the meal – tangy, unsour Mondariz, 7s a hefty bottle. Service notes: the first floor gets the guitarist and a noisier atmosphere. The second floor lacks a second waiter more than anything – the one poor fellow tries hard, but he can't be enough. Average bill for two: £3 10s

WHEELER'S, 19 Old Compton Street, W1 **(GER 7611).** Fish only, of course. I've been lunching and dining here for years with never a let-down. Better book for the restaurant, open Monday to Saturday 12.30-2.30 and 6-10.45. Oyster bar (cold food only) times: 11.30-3 and 5.30-11. You can eat here jolly well for £1 a head – potted shrimps (4s 6d), *moules marinières* (8s 6d) and a glass of Chablis (4s 6d) plus 2s 6d cover charge which includes as much bread-and-butter and coffee as you want. I find the soles best with fruit: Pommery, with apple (15s 6d); Veronique, with grapes (15s 6d); even Capri, with bananas (16s 6d). Kingsley Amis once muttered at my Sole Egyptienne (17s 6d), served on sliced aubergine: "It tastes of tea," which seems to sum that up. Trout Grenobloise, with strips of smoked salmon (12s 6d) is delicious. Excellent cheeseboard (3s 6d). House wines: Chablis 4s 6d a glass or 18s a bottle. Hock slightly better, 5s a glass, 19s a bottle. Both are adequate. Average bill for two: £3 to £5, as you please. I've seen Ingrid Bergman there, dozens of journalists, several writers; publishers love it, as do all businessmen

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DRINKS

Introducing a new series by John McLeod

Londoners pride themselves on their pubs and drinking. Yet year after year, they stand back, full of phenomenal apathy, while the brewers ruin a series of houses, and "tart" them up with hideous tastelessness. Drinkers don't like the process. But they complain only to each other.

There have been no strenuous protests over standardised decor, the inevitable lacklustre fitted carpeting, or the taped "background" music which forces conversation to screaming pitch. Doubtless, the mass conversion to the lounge-bar concept stems from the eagerness of the breweries to cater for the new emancipation of the drinking woman.

But the assault on Greater London's six and a half thousand pubs is being undertaken with little thought for preserving character. And with the new look in bars has come the cult of the young bar manager. Each year brings a diminution in scope for the florid-faced, fruity, old-style guv'nor. Each year brings new forms of automation, the current trend being the installation of cigarette machines.

With the passing of the old guv'nor-customer relationship, bar staff has become nonchalant and listless. Comfort and enjoyment are being bludgeoned by expediency. Still, if automation is taken to its ultimate, there should be little need for staff.

One form of instant-service is a row of buttons on the bar. The customer presses a button, and the chosen drink is shot through plastic tubes into plastic cups. This has been forecast as a possibility. And if this stultifying system is ever introduced here, only one or two barmen would be needed in each pub.

Surely, in the interest of London drinkers, the Prime Minister should appoint a Minister for Pubs, with "special responsibilities for preserving character, comfort and amenity." The Minister could be aided by a specially created Whitehall department, with mellowed and experienced celebrities seconded in an advisory capacity.

Urgent thinking is certainly needed, before the brewery chiefs convert every pub in London into mass-conformity drinking centres, with no colourful names, only numbers. People in London pubs voice these thoughts to me. They say they are concerned at the passing of fine old pubs, at the introduction of more and more stereotyped lounge-bars. They may mean what they say. On the other hand, it may be that, so long as they get a drink in their hands, they don't really give a damn.

john mcleod

The Richie Bono Trio entertain every night except Mon day and Wednesday at the Lilliput Hall in Jamaica Road, Bermondsey. Guest singer is Bobby Breen who also sings with the Johnny Dankworth Orchestra.

YE OLDE MITRE TAVERN, 1 Ely Court (off Hatton Garden), EC1. HOL 4751. 11 am-3 pm, 5.30-10 pm, closed Sundays. Delightful drinking backwater, frequented by diamond-brokers, local residents, discriminating tourists and mellow Mirror executives. Flora Brooke and husband Cliff dispense cheer, beer and good food, and capsuled histories of the pub, which stands on the site of the first Mitre Tavern, built in 1546 by Bishop Goodrich for his servants. A fossilised cherry tree rears up inside the door of the public bar. And under an ancient charter, police can't enter unless invited by the landlord

THE TOLLINGTON ARMS, 115 Hornsey Road, N7. NOR 3779. 11 am-3 pm, 5.30-11 pm, open Sundays. If you're ever fortunate enough to have to spend some time in Hornsey Road, you'll find the "Tolly" a refuge in a warren of depressing buildings. There, Charlie and Rose Webster qualify as one of the most friendly couples managing a London pub. When they moved from Kentish Town – taking many customers with them – they transformed the Tolly from a spit-and-sawdust-type boozer to a cheery, comfortable house. Charlie is a former boxing champion, physical training instructor and paratrooper; so be wary of his handshake

SHEPHERD'S TAVERN, 50 Hertford Street, W1. GRO 3017. Usual hours, including Sundays. Deep in the heart of Mayfair and the celebrated Shepherd's Market area, they are deliberately pricey on food (lunch is 15s minimum) to maintain a certain standard of customer. Liz Taylor has supped there, and it is a haunt of TV actors and disc jockeys from Radio London, round the corner. One time week-end favourite with Fleet Air Arm officers, now packed with Mayfair "locals" – if that's the word – American tourists, florid-faced PR men and a mattering of thigh-showing dolls. A pleasant spot for a stop, smoothly run by a staff of 15 under manager Bernard Inward

007 BAR, HILTON HOTEL. Park Lane, W1. HYD 8000. Swinging, late-night spot for young, and not-so-young, who want to see it through till two. It opens 6.30 each evening, except Sunday. The Fleming cult is blatantly iniquitous, and the dim, midnight-blue glow enhances the chances of aspiring Bonds

THE SQUARE RIGGER, King William Street, EC4 (opposite the Monument). MIN 1963. Dropping through various levels into a large basement area, the nautical bit tends to be a bit overdone. But an intimate after-the-office spot, where City lads and lasses can mingle with bowler, brolly and British Warm executives . . . and be moon-eyed together until it's time to dash for London Bridge trains

Manager Ellis Franklin and wife Muriel provide an acceptable lunchtime grill, and Valerie Ackroyd is a neat, but amply proportioned attraction in the Main Deck bar

THE DOLPHIN, Red Lion Street, WC1. Small, one-bar triangular pub. During the lunch hour collects hungry executives from the vast Ministry blocks on Theobalds Road and High Holborn. During the evening a quiet, typically village local. (You want a window cleaner? Ask in there. You want a reliable butcher? They know.) Kitty (widow of the late Ken Dunn) presides in a corner, will chat about Fleet Street, show business and the West Country – all of which she knows about

Decoration: a fascinating set of Hogarth prints and a battered clock, survivor of a Zeppelin raid. Beer: Whitbreads draught and keg. Food: sandwiches, bread and cheese, hot pies, etc

NIGHT LIFE

FIRST FIVE: 1 Pair of Shoes. 2 Blaise's. 3 Antonio's Spanish Restaurant. 4 Four Hundred. 5 The 007.

There was once an unchanging indication of age, the apparent youthfulness of policemen. Once policemen started to look young, you were getting old. Night club customers never really came in for such comparisons.

But then came that successful little pot-boiler, Blaise's Club in Queen's Gate, next door to South Kensington's bed-sit patch. And the most immediate feature of the place is the customer. They are all disarmingly young, fresh faced and healthy looking. To make sure they don't feel out of place, the waitresses are also young, fresh faced and healthy looking. Even the disc jockey preserves an air of the country lad.

The club is a basement, split roughly into three sections; a dance floor, a restaurant, and the gambling zone. The gambling is conducted by some very able young ladies who indulge in their own high-flown backchat with customers for blackjack and roulette.

The food is sufficient and filling and the restaurant is decorated with a light touch of the Orient. Next to it is the dance floor, the bandstand and the DJ's cubby-hole. From that womb-like box the resident player of records, a young man of 23 named Mike, wields his nocturnal influence. "I can make 'em dance, I can make 'em sit down. Depends how I feel." He does just that every week night from 9.30 pm to 2 am. Mike's one dislike is the sing-along customer, those with enough brash disregard to join in, usually during the louder parts. He suddenly reduces the volume, leaving the customer braying alone.

Attending to the customer's quieter needs are the waitresses, probably the most individual collection in London. They are mostly part-time, one or two evenings a week, and fill their days with jobs like private secretary, personal assistant and fashion designer.

The waitresses are the real personification of the club, genuine amateurs with an average age of 20 who manage that difficult combination of serving the customer without ever appearing servile. The result is a club with a quite genuine atmosphere of fun and relaxation where you don't have to be the smartest thing on two legs, though it helps if you're under 30.

john viner

Six Playgirls from the Dean Martin picture, "The Silencers," have arrived in London. First engagement is a mass squiring round Town by six eager journalists.

Jacqueline Jones (left) is the resident star of Rico Dajou's new nightclub Le Prince. She sings, dances and also does impersonations. Another singer on the nightlife scene is Maria Wolska (right), who has also appeared at Le Prince but is at the moment preparing two concerts of classical music, one for Paris and one for London.

DINNER & DANCE

BLAISE'S, 121 Queen's Gate, SW7 (KEN 6228). Opens 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 guineas. Mon-Thurs entrance free to members until 11 pm. Fri 10s. Sat 10s 6d girls; 12s 6d men. All alcoholic drinks 3s. Food, *à la carte* about £1 per head. Discs, a different live group every night. Roulette 2s 6d min. Blackjack 5s. Chauffeuse available to drive well-known members home

CLAUDE'S ROOM, THE ONE-O-ONE, 101 Edgware Road, W2 (AMB 2913). Dinner followed by breakfast. 9.30-2.30 am. Dinner between £2 and £3, whisky 4s. Large wine list, no service charge but cover charge of 10s 6d after 11 pm. Licensed to 3.30 am with dancing to Claude Collier and his music

FOUR HUNDRED, 28 Leicester Square, WC2 (WHI 1813). 7.30 pm till 4 am. Annual membership 10 guineas. Dinner (served till 1 am) approximately 50s per head plus wine. Drinks average. *Entertainment:* Currently dancing to The Message

RENAISSANCE CLUB, 39a Harrington Road, SW7 (KEN 7761). Oldest club in London. 11.30 am-3 pm and 5.30 pm to 12.30 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. *A la carte* menu. Wines 18s 6d to 37s, all vintage. Whisky 2s 9d. No service or cover charge. Licensed to midnight, supper licence till 12.30 am. *Entertainment:* Dancing to a three-piece band

VILLA DEI CESARI, 135 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (TAT 7453/VIC 9872). Open every day except Monday 7.30 pm-2.30 am. One of the best river views in London. Speciality Roman food. Dinner for two about £5-£6 with wine. Full wine list, carafes from 19s 6d. Dancing to 2 bands until early hours

DISCOTHEQUES

CHALET SUISSE, 74 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 0036 and LAN 3626). 8.0 pm to 2.0 am including Sunday. Membership 1 guinea. Entrance fee from 5s weekdays to 10s weekends. Swiss cuisine. Dinner approx £1 a head. Spirits 3s. Beer 2s 6d. *Entertainment:* currently Eddie Dushaw, Pferdestall, (downstairs). Dancing to Gwen Dolen and the Do Re Mi Trio, discothèque dancing, blackjack, roulette

DIE FLEDERMAUS, 7 Carlisle Street, W1 (REG 5741). 8 pm-3 am every night. Membership: £1 a year men, 10s girls. Entrance fee: men 7s 6d, girls, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Specialises in Scandinavian and German clientèle. Party night, Tuesday, all drinks 1s 6d. Dancing to discs and trio

LE KILT, 60 Greek Street, W1 (GER 6744). 8 pm-3 am nightly. Membership: boys £1, girls 10s, for three months. Entrance fee: boys 7s 6d, girls, Mon to Thurs free, Fri to Sun 7s 6d. Light meals at approx 10s a head. Drinks at pub prices. *Entertainment:* dancing to discs and some live groups. Gaming: Boule, 2s 6d max stake

THE 007. Hilton Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (HYD 8000). 6.30 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. No entrance fee. Service charge 12½ per cent. Minimum food charge after 11 pm 10s 6d. Light supper from 11 pm from 13s 6d. Whisky 6s. Goldfinger cocktail 7s. Discothèque and a band from 9 pm

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES'S, 13 Mason's Yard, Duke Street, SW1 (TRA 6109). 10.30. Bar closes 3.0 am, drink up till 3.30 am. Annual membership 5 guineas. Entrance 10s members; £1 guests. Grills menu about £1 a head till 3.30 am. Drinks, single 5s. *Entertainment:* Resident group, impromptu performances by famous clientele, if the scene's right they revel. Occasional cabaret

GAMING

CROCKFORD'S, 16 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (WHI 2721). Bridge starts at 2.30 pm, 2s-£1 a 100; roulette 5.0 pm, min 2s 6d, max £100 on even chances, £5 on nos, poker 5 pm, 10s-£4 a game; chemin de fer 9 pm, blackjack 10 pm, kalooki 8.0 pm. Membership 8 guineas. Out-of-town residents, 4 guineas, overseas members 3 guineas. Restaurant and bar

CURZON HOUSE, 20-23 Curzon Street, W1 (HYD 3581). All round the clock. Membership compulsory and very exclusive. 10 guineas a year. Prospective members vetted before joining. Bridge, blackjack, chemin de fer, gin rummy, kalooki, poker, roulette, craps and American roulette. Limits vary. Good restaurant

PAIR OF SHOES, 21 Hertford Street, W1 (HYD 1801). Open 7.30 pm for dinner and gaming at 10 pm. Membership 10 guineas. Exclusive clinetele. Special facilities for overseas visitors. Blackjack, roulette and chemin de fer. London's original crap game. Bar and restaurant facilities for members only

PALM BEACH CLUB, 30 Berkeley Street, W1 (HYD 6585). Opens 6.30 pm till dawn. Membership £1. Baccarat, chemin de fer, blackjack, roulette, dice, American roulette. Stakes vary, 5s upwards. Luxurious restaurant and bar adjoining gaming room. Three-course dinner 25s, four-course dinner 35s

RIVER CLUB CASINO, 129 Grosvenor Road, SW1 (VIC 1621). Bar opens 5.30 pm, closes about 12.30 am. Gambling can start at 5.30 but warms up about 11. Last dinner served 1 am. Membership for club and restaurant 8 guineas a year, 5 guineas for out-of-town residents, 2 guineas for temporary membership. Blackjack, roulette, American roulette, craps and chemin de fer

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

ANTONIO'S SPANISH RESTAURANT, 3 Long Acre, WC2 (TEM 7911). 12 till 3 pm lunch, 6 pm till 3 am dinner. Open Sun. Cover charge 3s. 10 per cent. service charge. Dinner approx 25s a head plus wine. Fully licensed. Dancing. Cabaret between 8.30 and midnight. Currently: Sali and his Flamenco troupe

EMBASSY, 6 Old Bond Street, W1 (HYD 5275). American Bar open 6.30 pm. Restaurant open 10.30-4 am. Cabaret 1 am. Annual membership 2 guineas. No entrance fee, cover charge of £1. *A la carte* menu about 35s a head plus wine. *Entertainment:* Resident comedian Davy Kaye and dancers in "In Town Tonight" with Angela Ryder and Jackie Sands. Dancing

MEXICAN ROOM, El Sombrero, 142/144 Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 0572). 8 pm to 2 am. Closed Sunday *A la carte* menu only from 6s to 30s. Cover charge 10s 6d. Wines from 18s 6d to 35s. Whisky 4s 6d. Service charge 10 per cent. Dancing from 8.45 pm to 1 am to El Sombrero Trio. Revue at 11.15 pm. Tommy Osborne in "See The World." Licensed to 2 am

EL MOROCCO, 15/16 Gerrard Street, W1 (REG 2931). 10 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret 1 am. No membership fee. Cover charge 10s 6d per head. Scotch, gin, etc., £5. Champagne £5, wines from 25s

POOR MILLIONAIRE, 158 Bishopsgate, EC2 (BIS 3311). 7.30 pm-2.30 am. Dinner dance and cabaret 2 guineas. Sat night 2½ guineas. No membership, no cover charge. 10 per cent. service charge. *Entertainment:* Cabaret 9.30, currently "The Doug Kennedy Show"

Conversation Piece...

(about holidays or weekends)

Jane: The trouble with you is you don't take enough exercise.

Edward: The trouble with **you** is you need a holiday—in any case when do I have **time** to take any exercise?

Jane: Well we **could** combine my holiday by the sea and golf for you—that is if you could get away from work.

Edward: Of course I could get away, but you know I've always been against separate holidays...

Jane: Don't be silly dear, we could go to the Cooden Beach Hotel. They have an arrangement with the Cooden Beach Golf Club which adjoins the Hotel and the green fees are inclusive with the terms, except for Saturday and Sunday when the Hotel pays a proportion. They have a lovely heated swimming pool and we can play tennis too.

Edward: Sounds perfectly splendid, after all we do get some lovely days in England. I'll write today for a brochure and terms, what did you say the address was?

Jane: Don't bother darling . . I've already written to Angus Shields the Managing Director.

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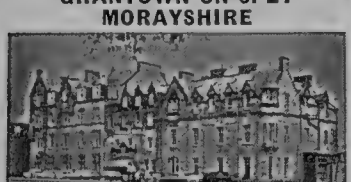

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DISCS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Tribute to the Great Nat King Cole, Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown TML 11022). 2 I'll Take You Where the Music's Playing, The Drifters (Atlantic 5039). 3 Quincy Plays For Pussycats (Mercury MCL 20073). 4 American Folk Blues 65 (Fontana TL 5286). 5 Fantastic Jazz Harp of Dorothy Ashley (Atlantic AL 5047).

The agreement between the independent television companies and the Musician's Union to ban miming after 30 June is bound to have big side-effects on the disc business. And not all of them will be good: no matter how loudly the MU protests, that right is on their side.

Until this new agreement, the position has been that television companies can employ singers at minimum union rates, have them soundlessly open and shut their mouths in time to the song, and (if the singer is practised enough) persuade viewers that somewhere in the background of the television studio there is an orchestra of perhaps 45 players. But they have had to pay nothing at all for the use of this orchestra, which is a natural enough concern for the MU.

But perversely, in insisting that television companies now employ a studio orchestra on "pop" shows, the MU may be doing themselves out of work. The fact is that live orchestras are an expensive business. A 28-piece band – about the minimum with strings to get sound equivalent to disc quality – on a networked show, costs anything between £700 and £1,000, depending on the amount of time in the studio, cost of arrangements, and so on.

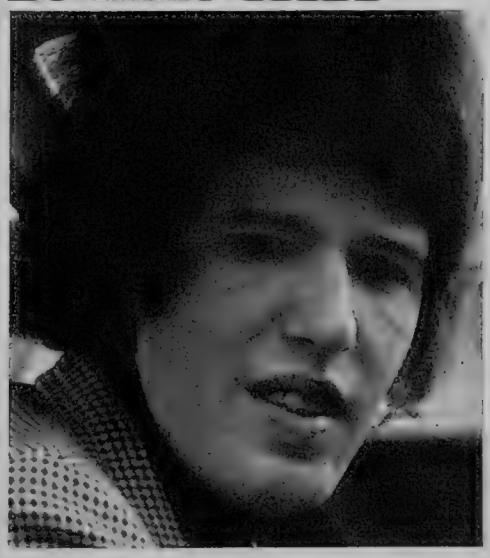
France's top "pop" star, Claude Francois, has cut his first disc in English and is due to arrive in England in May for a promotion tour.

The result is that – in the short term, anyway – there are likely to be fewer "pop" shows on television. Since television is a sales medium for discs, fewer discs may be sold. And further, the MU decision is likely to prolong the life of the groups. Any television company employing a group can have them play live without further cost, since they make their own music. So record producers, anxious for television "plugs," will tend to cut down the backing for singers to a minimum.

There are, of course, considerable benefits from the agreement. There will be less room for the amateur singer, more exposure for genuinely talented voices. I'm old-fashioned enough to believe that any singer standing up in front of an audience should be able to perform, not just to behave like a ventriloquist's dummy. By all means let us have freak records by non-singers, made by piecing together bits from a six-hour recording session . . . but let such discs, and their perpetrators, be heard and not seen.

leonard levesley

RECORD REVIEW BY GARY LEEDS



Few "pop" groups can have come together under such unusual circumstances as the Walker Brothers and their drummer, Gary Leeds. Scott Engel and John Maus were out driving one day and became involved in a car accident. Gary was the driver of that car, and after the initial flush of argument they came round to talking music . . . Gary, 22, comes from Glendale in California, and his first single, "You Don't Love Me," is at present soaring high in the charts.

Organ Grinder Swing. Jimmy Smith. (EMI. VLP 9108)
The Organ Grinder's swing. Oh, no, babe. Blues for J Greensleeves. I'll close my eyes. Satin doll

He is absolutely fantastic – I love the feeling he gets over. Real soul

The Second Album. Spencer Davies Group. (TL 5295)
Look away. Keep on running. This hammer. Georgia on my mind. Please do something. Let me down easy. Strong love. I washed my hands in muddy water. Since I met you baby. You must believe me. Hey darling. Watch your step
A very commercial record including the terrific version of Georgia on my mind. *Great arrangements and great sound*

this is really good. Great R & B stuff and he is a nice guy to-I've met him

September of my Years. Frank Sinatra. (Pye. R 1014)
The September of my years. How old am I? Don't wait too long. It gets lonely early. This is all I ask. Last night when we were young. The man in the looking glass. It was a very good year. When the wind was green. Hello, young lovers. I see it now. Once upon a time. September song

Other singers come and go but Frank Sinatra just goes on and on. He's still the governor for me

Big City Blues. John Hammond. (Philips. TFL 6046)
I'm ready. My starter won't start. Barbecue blues. I'm a man. Barrelhouse woman blues. Midnight hour blues. Backdoor man. I live the life of love. No money down. My babe. When you got a good friend. Baby won't you tell me
I go for the blues and

Debussy. Detroit Symphony Orchestra. (GL 5836)
La Mer. Prelude a l'après-midi d'un faune. Iberia. Petite suite
I am very keen on classical music, Debussy in particular. This is a very good record

Rubber Soul. The Beatles. (EMI. EMC 1267)
Drive my car. Norwegian wood. You won't see me. Nowhere man. Think for yourself. The word. Michelle. What goes on. Girl. I'm looking through you. In my life. Wait. If I needed someone. Run for your life
Is there anything left to say about the Beatles? They are just great

TELEVISION

FIRST FIVE: 1 Weavers Green, new bi-weekly serial (ITV, 8 April). 2 Celebration, Duke Ellington at Coventry Cathedral (ITV, 10 April, 6.30 pm). 3 The Queen and The Welshman, play (BBC-1, 10 April, 9 pm). 4 Emergency Ward Nine, play (BBC-1, 11 April, 9.50 pm). 5 Make Me An Offer, musical (BBC-1, 12 April).

The BBC had just finished its inaugural programme of live transatlantic television from the Telstar satellite; around the studio, they were agreeing that it was a history-maker, the end of another frontier.

On the edge of the hubbub, the late Richard Dimbleby leaned back in the famous swivel chair and remarked sardonically: "Now for instant *Laramie*."

He used humour to make a valid point. All but cathode-ray chauvinists would admit that television has a habit of proving less impressive and worth while than the mechanics of its creation.

Which is an oblique way of leading up to my text for the week: colour television is just around the corner – so what? Few people seem to have much idea of what is going on. Postmaster-General Wedgwood Benn promised four hours of colour a week to start with, Lew Grade of ITV screamed kaleidoscopic murder at the niggardly figure, and the BBC claimed they had meant to open with 15 hours a week, all along.

The BBC is to screen a new season of the "Moguls", company series. Locations are overseas and in Britain, particularly the West country.

Already, without so much as a pastel tint on the screen, Colourvision is surrounded with as much flam, flannel and myth as a successful pop singer. Yet what it will probably boil down to at first – with notable exceptions – is old movies, repeats and plenty of *Look At Life*-style yawns.

The BBC may deny it with tears in their eyes and oaths on their lips, but repeats go hand in hand with the new service. Programmes cost more, therefore the planners will attempt to get more mileage out of them.

Colour also gives a good pretext for wheeling out the films once again. And worse is in store for owners of non-colour BBC-2 sets. Imagine watching fashion shows, lectures on great paintings, sporting events – with gloating announcers pointing out invisible shades and tints . . .

Perhaps the biggest myth of all is that ITV is fighting for a stake in colour. Despite the yells of Mr Grade, the majority of his fellows feel that colour is for the birds, or BBC-2, which in their estimation amounts to the same thing.

"I'm not in business to sell TV sets," one ITV executive told me, icily. "When colour has a majority audience – say, 10 years from now – ask again."

peter magnus

Yolande Donlan makes her debut as a television actress in "To Dorothy A Son" which BBC-1 present on Easter Monday. Miss Donlan, wife of film producer Val Guest, lives in a Regency house at St John's Wood.

SATURDAY 9 APRIL

Afternoon sport. Racing from Towcester, tennis from Hampstead. ITV

Western. *Red Mountain,* starring Alan Ladd, Lizbeth Scott, John Ireland. Adventurer Capt Brett Sherwood joins General Quantrell and his guerrillas in their efforts to aid the Southern cause. ITV, 7.10 pm

Arthur Haynes Show. Guest stars are Susan Maughan and Kenny Ball and his Jazz Men. ITV, 8.35 pm

Start of a new series of Victorian detective stories written by Ted Willis. Stars are John Barrie and William Gaunt. ITV, 9.10 pm

Great Metropolis, a programme depicting the London street scenes of the 1850s. Pickpockets, prostitutes and chimneysweeps are interviewed in the Victorian streets of London and are characters based on the observations of Henry Mayhew when he described London's poor of that period. The part of Henry Mayhew is played by Derek Francis. There are also newsreels, songs and advertisements reconstructed from that time. Produced and directed by Robert Kitts. BBC-2

Hill climbing from Holyhead lighthouse, racing from Stockton-on-Tees, amateur boxing from Northern Ireland and motor-cycling from Brands Hatch. BBC-1

Roy Castle is the guest star on the Black & White Minstrel Show. BBC-1

Evening western. *Great Day in the Morning,* with Virginia Mayo, Robert Stack and Ruth Roman. Set at the beginning of the Civil War, a Southern adventurer is torn between his greed and the Confederate cause. BBC-1

BBC-3 back in its usual slot with John Bird, Robert Johnson and Linda Baron. BBC-1

The Easter Vigil from St Luke's Roman Catholic Church at Pinner. BBC-1

SUNDAY 10 APRIL

The Opinion Makers. Lord Francis-Williams talks to Sir William Connor, Cassandra of the *Daily Mirror,* about the control of mass media and the responsibilities of journalism. ITV, 2.15

Post-war film. *Pillar to Post,* with Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet and William Prince. Through force of circumstance a young couple pretend they are married and find themselves in some embarrassing situations. ITV, 4.0

Celebration. Duke Ellington at Coventry Cathedral. ITV, 6.30

Kathy Kirby is the guest star on the Palladium Show. ITV, 8.25

The House of the Seven Hawks, the evening film of mystery and intrigue, taken from the thriller by Victor Canning. Capt John Nordley finds himself involved in the murderous plot to recover the Nazi hoard of stolen treasures. Stars Robert Taylor, Linda Christian, Donald Wolfit and David Kossoff. ITV, 9.25

Theatre 625. *The Queen & the Welshman,* by Rosemary Anne Sisson, stars Dorothy Tutin, Derek Godfrey, Jeremy Brett. A costume play of the story of Queen Catherine, wife of Henry V. Produced by Cedric Messina. BBC-2, 9 pm

New serial. *Take a Pair of Private Eyes* is directed by Christopher Barry and produced by Alan Bromley. Six episodes about Dominique, a French girl who has recently married an Englishman. He runs an agency for the recovery of stolen property. The agency's success is due partly to the Englishman's enthusiasm and his assistant's efficiency and partly to the Englishman's father, who has retired from a life of successful crime. Stars Derek Foal, Jeanne Roland, Sam Kydd and John Bryans. BBC-2

Papal Blessing from Rome. Father Patrick McEnroe describes the scene as Pope Paul VI gives his Easter blessing at St Peter's in Rome. BBC-1

Repeat of *Peter Pan* with Mary Martin. BBC-1

Record Star Show called *SOS* presented by the Stars Organisation for Spastics is part of the pop event from the Empire Pool, Wembley. Chris Andrews, Kenny Ball, Adam Faith, Georgie Fame, Wayne Fontana, The Fortunes, Billy J Kramer, Manfred Mann, Moody Blues, Cliff Richard, Sandie Shaw and Jackie Trent. BBC-1

Doris Day stars in the evening film *I'll See You in My Dreams.* BBC-1

The Best of Ustinov is the subject in the late night music and arts programme. BBC-1

MONDAY 11 APRIL

Bank Holiday Grandstand. Racing from Market Rasen, motor racing from Goodwood, sailing from Gosport and Rugby League from Leigh. BBC-1

Disney Time is a programme introduced by film actress Nancy Kwan of Walt Disney's more recent films. BBC-1

Brian Rix farce called *To Dorothy A Son.* Elspeth Gray makes her first acting appearance since her accident last year. BBC-1

Old time music hall show from Leeds called *The Good Old Days* with Thora Hird, Richard Hearne, Ted Rodgers and Clinton Ford. BBC-1

National Ballroom Contest from the Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand. BBC-1

Danny Kaye Show. Guest stars are Freddie and the Dreamers and Marguerite Piazza

New Dennis Potter play called *Emergency Ward Nine.* Thirty-minute comedy set in the male ward of a London hospital. Three neighbours, two whites and an African, find themselves in adjoining beds. The African's presence forms the crux of the play, which takes a humorous look at bigotry. Tenniel Evans, Terence De Marney, Dan Jackson star. BBC-2, 9.50

Music Workshop. Vision of Gustav Mahler. The programme paints a portrait of the composer. Bernard Keefe makes use of the subjective quality to try and reach the core of Mahler's personality. Extracts from his Fourth Symphony with the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Soprano Ilse Wolf. BBC-2

SPORT

If you have money to lose, then Easter weekend provides the most opportunities to do it – what with race meetings at nearly every course and dogs racing morning, noon and night in London. Gamblers, we know, do not gamble to win: merely to perpetuate their ability to gamble. Still, the bookies always win in the end, which is one of the reasons Ladbrokes have a three-floor office off Carnaby Street and that their general manager, Mr Ron Pollard, 39, fights a tote monopoly and shows signs of strain when business is good. And it will be this weekend.

Mr Pollard has a lean and hungry look, a shiny suit and often repeats the sentence: "If I do my sums right." Bookmaking is one art where man conquers machine. Pollard's brain can work out a bet quicker than any computer. He has just finished doing his sums on the General Election betting. "If I do my sums right," he says, "and the final take is £1½ million, then we should make 3 per cent." Which is about £45,000, give or take a sixpence.

He went back to betting straight from the Army in 1948, and for two and a half years he travelled the racecourses recording bets. He then switched to Ladbrokes – a firm which is the Fortnums of betting, if you can have such a thing.

A busy Easter at Brands Hatch – the track's first stock car races are on Sunday, motor cycle racing on Friday and motor racing on Monday.

Pollard himself seldom bets. "I only bet if some particular client has £500 instead of his usual £100 on. I might have a bet then. It tempts me." He does not come from a betting family, has a Royal Society of Arts certificate in maths and stresses that bookmaking is purely figures and has nothing to do with anything else.: "Once you start having opinions, you're starting to gamble like your clients. Horses and clients are just like so many matchsticks to me."

There is a strong racing lobby to end bookmakers and put the whole of gambling in the hands of the tote as in many other countries. Pollard strongly opposes this view. "They have a tote monopoly in France, but if you go to Longchamps and want £1,000 on a horse you don't use the machines: you use one of the undercover bookies in the stand. If in every race every horse tried for its life, the bookmakers would win. It's the trainers, not the bookies, to blame."

michael wale

Ron Pollard, general manager of Ladbroke's, the Fortnums of British bookmaking, in the discreet setting of their boardroom where the racing pictures are of another age.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

This is the weekend when the relegation and promotion battles are usually decided. After this it is too late for salvation or success

GOOD FRIDAY

First Division

Fulham v Leeds. Craven Cottage. 3 pm. (District Line to Putney Bridge, then pleasant riverside walk.) London's – indeed, the nation's – match of the day: Can Fulham repeat what they did to Liverpool and survive yet again? Will we see Vic Buckingham's £35,000 signing Allan Clarke? Undoubtedly Mr Bremner of Leeds will be the scapegoat of the crowd

Tottenham v West Ham. White Hart Lane. 3 pm. (Trains from Liverpool Street to White Hart Lane.) I wonder where that Spurs supporter who abused me earlier in the season is now? In mourning for his side?

Second Division

Charlton Athletic v Preston North End. The Valley. 11.15. (Trains to Charlton from Charing Cross or London Bridge.) Charlton's improvement should mean Second Division survival

Crystal Palace v Plymouth Argyle. Selhurst Park. 3 pm. (Trains from Victoria to Thornton Heath.) A negative looking match

Third Division

Queen's Park Rangers v Bristol Rovers. Loftus Road. 3.15 pm. (Central Line to White City or Metropolitan Line to Shepherd's Bush.) Rangers still bid for relegation, which seems to me unlikely this year

EASTER SATURDAY

First Division

Arsenal v Leeds. Highbury Stadium. 3 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Arsenal.)

Chelsea v West Ham. Stamford Bridge. 3 pm. (District Line to Fulham Broadway.)

Second Division

Charlton Athletic v Manchester City. The Valley. 3 pm. (Trains to Charlton from Charing Cross and London Bridge.) Chance to see potential Second Division champions, Manchester City. Watch for winger Mike Summerbee

Crystal Palace v Wolverhampton Wanderers. Selhurst Park. 3 pm. (Trains from Victoria to Thornton Heath.) Another good Second Division match

Leyton Orient v Southampton. Brisbane Road. 3 pm. (Central Line to Leyton.) This must be the end to Orient's Second Division hopes. Perhaps it's a good thing

Third Division

Brentford v Hull City. Griffin Park. 3.15 pm. (Piccadilly Line to South Ealing.) Hull are certain Third Division champions and worth watching

EASTER MONDAY

First Division

Chelsea v Nottingham Forest. Stamford Bridge. 3 pm. (District Line to Fulham Broadway.)

West Ham v Tottenham Hotspur. Upton Park 7.30 pm. (District Line to Upton Park.)

Third Division

Brentford v Brighton. Griffin Park. 3.15 pm. (Piccadilly Line to South Ealing.)

Millwall v Bournemouth. The Den. 3.15 pm. (Metropolitan Line to New Cross Gate.)

RUGBY UNION

EASTER SATURDAY

English Schools v Welsh Secondary Schools (19 group). Twickenham. 3 pm. (Trains Waterloo to Twickenham. Or District Line to Richmond, then bus 73 outside Richmond police station.)

EASTER MONDAY

London Irish v Rosslyn Park. The Avenue, Sunbury-on-Thames. Sat 3 pm. (Train from Waterloo to Sunbury. Green Line coaches 718, 725.)

FLAT RACING

Kempton Park. Sat, Mon. 2 pm. (Trains, Waterloo to Kempton Park. Green Line coaches 718, 725.) Race of the day: The 2,000 guineas trial, Three-year-old colts. 7 furlongs. First Classic trial of the season. Won last year by Niksar, who went on to win the 2,000 guineas at Newmarket. His trainer, Walter Nightingall, this year has entered Raket II. Among those entered: Vincent O'Brien, Irish-trained Lanark, Troop Fire from Newmarket, and At-a-Venture. Mon: Race of the day: 1,000 guineas trial. 7 furlongs. This time the classic fillies have their first outing. The pick being Visp, Procession, Soft Angels, and From Russia With Love. Race won last year by Brooke-trained Valdesta. **Newmarket.** Craven Meeting. Tues, Wed, Thurs. (Special train: 11.27 am, Liverpool Street. 26s second-class return to course.)

STEEPLECHASING

This is the weekend where, on the face of it, nearly every course throughout Britain is holding a jumping meeting. If you are in the West Country or South Wales there is the Welsh Grand National on Easter Monday at Chepstow. However, I have selected two equally pleasant meetings nearer London:

Plumpton. Sat, Mon. (Trains from Victoria to Plumpton 18 min past hour.) Big race: Sat. Bob Wigney Handicap Hurdle. £400. 2 miles. Entries include double hand from Thomson-Jones Newmarket stable Butler's Hard and Crockfords. Also Arundel-trained Chichester Festival, if you want a local name. Big race: Mon. Abergavenny Cup chase. £1,000. 3 miles. Entries include Ryan Price's great Gaintree winner, Walpole. The Queen Mother has entered three: Laffy, The Rip, and Oedipe Another to note: Beau Norland, trained by Turnell

Towcester: Sat and Mon. (Trains to Northampton from Euston then bus service to course.) Big race Sat: Schilizzi Chase. £2,000. 2 miles 5 furlongs. Entries include: Flying Wild, trained by Dan Moore in Ireland; top weight with 12.7; Gort, 12.6; Stalbridge Colonist, 11.12; and Rupununi 11.11

GREYHOUND RACING

EASTER SATURDAY

Stamford Bridge. 6.15 pm. (District Line to Fulham Broadway)

Walthamstow. 7.10 pm. 12 races. (Buses 34, 58, 144 to Crooked Billet, then short walk.)

White City. 7.30 pm. (Central Line to White City.) Big race the evening: Wood Lane Stake 525 yards flat. Pointer to grand Derby with classic entries

EASTER MONDAY (MORNING MEETINGS)

Park Royal. 12 races. 10.30 am. (Bakerloo Line to Harlesden, then bus 12.)

Clapton. 11 am. (Buses: 6b, 6, 38, 38a, 170, 256, 256a, 257.)

Hackney. 11 am. (Buses: 6, 6, 6b, 30, 178 to Hackney Wick.)

Hendon. 11 am. (Northern Line to Brent.)

New Cross. 11 am. (Buses: 1, 53, 141, 141a, 177.)

Wandsworth. 11 am. (Buses: 28, 37, 39, 44, 77a, 156, 168, 170, 220, 268.)

White City. 11 am. (Central Line to White City.)

EASTER MONDAY (AFTERNOON MEETINGS)

Harringay. 2.30 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Manor House.)

Stamford Bridge. 2.30 pm. (District Line to Fulham Broadway.)

Wembley. 3 pm. (Metropolitan and Bakerloo Lines to Wembley Park.)

EASTER MONDAY (EVENING MEETINGS)

Stamford Bridge. 6.15 pm (District Line to Fulham Broadway.)

Harringay. 7.45 pm. (Piccadilly Line to Manor House.)

Hendon. 7.45 pm. (Northern Line to Brent.)

Wembley. 7.45 pm. (Metropolitan and Bakerloo Lines to Wembley Park.) Big race of the evening: Wembley Spring Cup. 525 flat. Classic greyhounds on view before the classics start

White City. 7.45 pm. (Central Line to White City.)

Walthamstow. 7.45 pm. (Buses 34, 58, 144 to Crooked Billet, then short walk.)

PROPERTY

The new development at Lord's cricket ground is due to be completed by October 1967. The programme is a three-stage building project, which will include a large block of flats, the Tavern unit, and a new stand. The MCC have let the flat site on a 99-year lease, and Central and District Property, who are building the flats, are also building the Tavern unit and the stand for the MCC. The Tavern unit, situated on the west side of the Grace Gates, will consist of the Lord's Tavern itself, with a restaurant above it. The stand will replace the existing stand, which is coming down at the end of this season, and will consist of 20 private boxes.

ORIGINAL PLANS

It is unusual, when you buy an 18th-century house, to be able to see the original plans. But buyers of 41 Charles Street, W1, will be able to do just this. The house was built in 1753 by John Philips for the Earl of Berkeley, and the plans signed by Philips are still in the house. The Earl left the house to his bastard son, Francis Fitzhardinge, and he granted a lease to Hussey Packe, Esq, whose descendants lived in the house until 1947. The house has been little changed, and still has the original moulded ceilings, carved mantelpieces and mahogany doors.

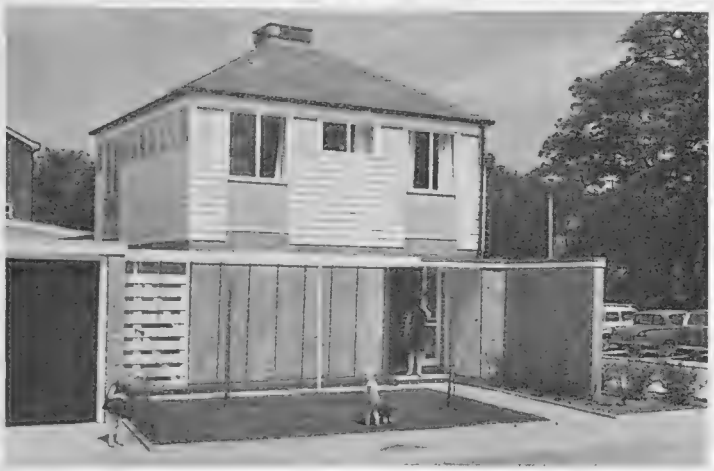
There are three reception rooms, eight double and two single bedrooms. The original coach-house has been converted to a mews cottage with double garages, and between the house and the mews is a well-stocked garden – among the plants is a Virginia creeper that covers the cottage *and* several neighbouring houses.

The agents, Strutt & Parker, Lofts & Warner (41 Berkeley Square, W1, GRO 3056) are asking £15,500 for the nine-year lease (rent £200 pa) and say they expect "no dearth of applicants."

SPLIT LEVEL

Among the many developments that Wates is putting up are courtyard houses at Croxted Road, West Dulwich, SE21. The houses are both one and two-storey, but designed as a combined unit; the units provide privacy but complement each other in design. The single-storey house is L-shaped, with a courtyard in the L, and is split-level designed. In the short arm of the L are a kitchen, living room 22 ft. 3 in. by 13 ft. 3 in., and a built-in cupboard for outdoor clothes. In the long arm there are three bedrooms, a bathroom, separate cloakroom.

The two-storey houses offer similar accommodation, but with the living room and kitchen on the first floor. Both houses have their own separate garages. The houses are offered on a 99-year lease from the Dulwich College Estate, at £8,250 for the two-storey, £8,500 for the single-storey. Information from: Wates Built Homes Ltd, POL 5000; or the site office, Croxted Road, GIP 3846



Top: Artist's impression of the Lord's Tavern and new block of flats. Middle: William and Mary house, Denham village, at £45,000 freehold. Bottom: Wates' courtyard house, L-shaped, and with two storeys.

A William & Mary house in the centre of Denham village is for sale. The agents are Knight, Frank & Rutley, and the asking price is £45,000 for the freehold. Included in the accommodation are three reception rooms – one a 33-ft. drawing room – seven bedrooms, four bathrooms and a modern kitchen. Solid fuel central heating is installed. Among the outdoor amenities are an apple store, garaging for two cars, a large studio; and one lawn has been piped and wired for a swimming pool. There are around three acres of garden

Curtis & Henson (5 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W1, GRO 5131) have on their books what they describe as "a country house in London." The country aspect is provided by half-an-acre of well-stocked garden and by the fact that the house is within two minutes' walk of Kenwood. The house, which is built on two floors, offers seven principal bedrooms, three reception rooms and staff accommodation. It is situated in Sheldon Avenue, N6, and the asking price is £37,500

angela ince

HOW ARTIFICIAL CAN A MAN GET WE ASKED OURSELVES

we all know about false teeth, wigs and glass eyes but

london life

goes further and reveals the countless organs of the body that scientists can now replace

HOW FASHIONABLE CAN A NEW SHOW GET WE ASKED OURSELVES

we all know that My Fair Lady had its influence but that was mainly in men's cardigans. The new show On the Level is about schoolgirls at advanced level and their dresses are real pacesetters.

SEE THEM IN COLOUR IN NEXT WEEK'S

london life

HOW POETICAL IS POETRY TODAY WE ASKED OURSELVES

we all know about Edith Sitwell and W H Auden, but what about the rest, how do they publish, where do they get a hearing, and is there a mystery tucked away somewhere?

FIND OUT IN NEXT WEEK'S

london life

also a full guide to London's entertainment scene, a look at sport, pop records, and as usual the

london life

needle eye on one of London's districts

SHOW'S NEW GIRL DELIGHTS THE FANS

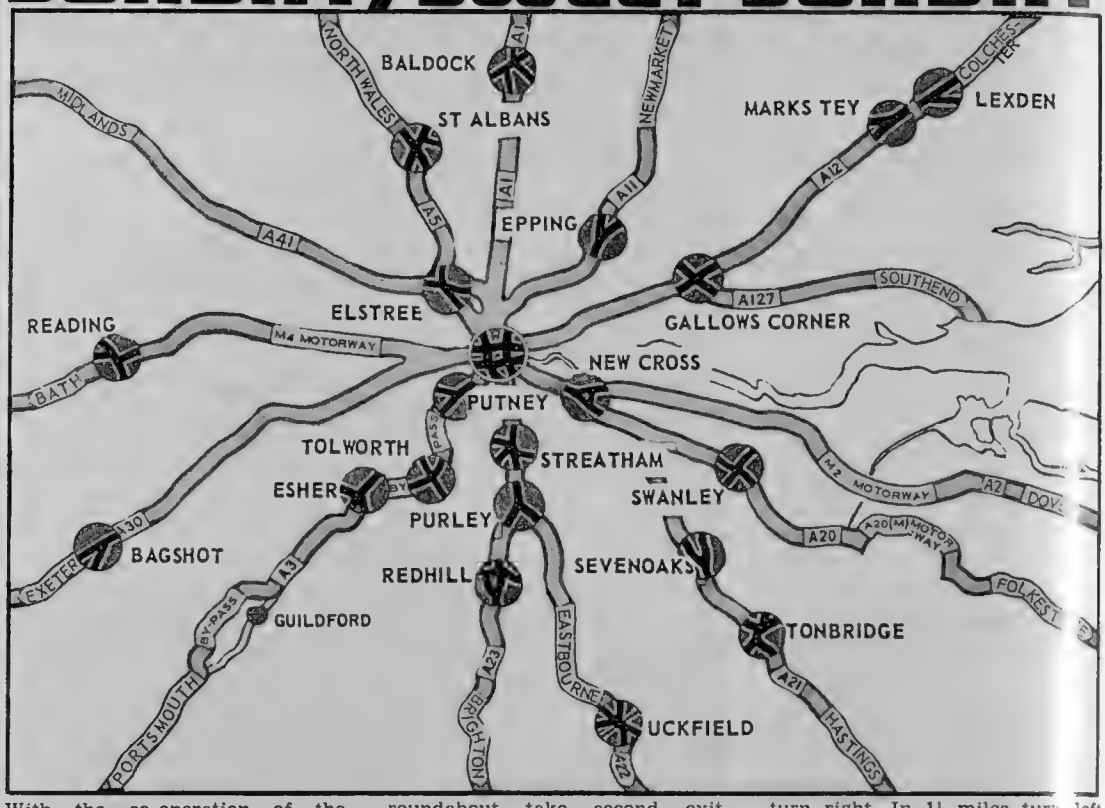
Elizabeth had a change of face when 26-year-old Jane Fyffe took over the part in *Robert and Elizabeth* on 2 April. But the former leading lady, June Bronhill, is not abandoning the musical completely: she will become Elizabeth once again when the show opens in Melbourne on 20 May. As an Australian, she can feel very few regrets at the idea of leaving London for Melbourne, and after the huge success she has enjoyed here for over a year, she can be pretty confident that the Australians will "go" for her just as much.

Jane began singing in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and went on to even greater successes in *The Student Prince* and *The Vagabond King*. Between doing musicals Jane played in cabaret, on television, in pantomimes and straight parts in rep. She began to make a name for herself in the South African revue *Wait a Minim*, but is especially pleased to remind people that she appeared at the Burns night at the Royal Festival Hall. The *Robert and Elizabeth* audiences will probably remember her from her performances on BBC-2, in *Kiss me Kate* and *Time to Breve*.

At one time, she disappointed her mother by showing no interest in the chemist shop her father left them. Her brother tried to be a hairdresser, but has recently followed his sister's footsteps, and thrown himself heart and soul into the theatre.

Sir Donald Wolfit, who took over the lead part from John Clements a few months ago, is delighted with the show's "new girl." The whole cast, too, is convinced that even the fans, who have seen *Robert and Elizabeth* several times, are just as happy with Jane Fyffe. "I am so delighted I can hardly believe it's true," she says. "This is a part I have always particularly wanted to play, because from a singer's point of view it is an ideal musical."

SUNDAY, SWEET SUNDAY



With the co-operation of the AA, *London Life* have plotted a map showing places where there are most likely to be traffic delays, also some routes out of London that should ensure pleasant, jam-free driving. The routes, which take motorists on broad and often unclassified roads that aren't even marked on a quarter-inch road map, read rather like a knitting pattern – but they should be fairly empty

LONDON-ELY, by minor roads, 85 miles.

To see: Impressive Norman cathedral; pleasant countryside

Where to eat: Lamb Hotel, Lynn Road, Ely (Ely 2204). Stands on the Great Ouse river and speciality is eels. Good cooking (above average for district). Sunday lunches served till 2 pm. Set lunch: 10s 6d

ROUTE: Leave London via Swiss Cottage, Golders Green, North Finchley and on **A1000** to Potters Bar

POTTERS BAR. Over crossroads in ¼ mile at war memorial bear right on to **B156** to NORTHAW. Branch left at church on to unclassified road to NEWGATE STREET: turn left and then keep right in ¾ mile keep right and ¼ mile on turn right and then in ½ mile turn left to BAYFORD. Turn left and in 1½ miles turn right on to **B158**, then shortly left on to unclassified road to HERTINGFORDBURY. Join **A414** and in ¼ mile turn left unclassified and ½ mile turn right on **B1000** then join **A602** through WATERFORD, STAPLEFORD, WATTON-AT-STONE. WATTON-AT-STONE, forward and in ¼ mile turn right unclassified to WALKERN. Take **B1037** to CROMER. Forward on unclassified road and in 1 mile join **A507** then keep forward (straight past Rushden) on unclassified road to AA Box 253, then the Ashwell road unclassified to Ashwell, Guilden Morden, Wreslingworth and Gamlingay

GAMLINGAY. On **B1040** via Waresley, Eltisley, Kisby's Hut Inn, Hilton, St Ives

ST IVES. Leave by Needingworth Road, **B1040**. At end turn right on **A1123** to Sutton. Turn left at roundabout take second exit, **A142**, then go via Witchford to ELY

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ROUTE: Leave London via Camden Town, Holloway, Walthamstow, Woodford Bridge and CHIGWELL. Chigwell: keep on **A113** to CHIPPING ONGAR. In ½ mile join **B184** and continue through Fyfield, to AA Box 826. Turn right on to **A414** to LEADEN RODING. Turn left on **B184** to GREAT DUNMOW. Follow signs Thaxted **A130**, in ½ mile turn right **B1075** (signposted Great Bardfield), go via Bran End to FINCHINGFIELD. Bear right and cross river then immediately bear right **B1053** to WETHERSFIELD. Branch left on to unclassified road (signposted Hedingham), in 1 mile bear left. In 3¾ miles at T-road turn right then bear left into SIBLE HEDINGHAM. Turn left then take next turning right on to **B1057** to CASTLE HEDINGHAM. In 4¾ miles join **A131** to Sudbury. SUDBURY: Follow signs Stowmarket on **B1115**. STOWMARKET: Take **A1120** to Saxtead Green. SAXTEAD GREEN: Turn right on to **B1119** to Saxmundham. SAXMUNDHAM: take **B1121** to Friston and then join **A1094** to ALDEBURGH

LONDON TO SOUTH COAST (Eastbourne) avoiding traffic

Leave London via Chelsea Bridge, Clapham Common, Streatham Hill, South Norwood, Woodside Station to Addington

ADDINGTON: Follow Selsdon Park Road then at fork bear left (unclassified) into Featherbed Lane. In 2½ miles turn right at White Bear Inn and follow main road for 1 mile then at cross-roads turn right. In 1¼ miles turn left on to **B269** to LIMPSFIELD. Follow Westerham road. **A25** and at top of ascent turn right **B269** and immediately keep left. Proceed to CROCKHAM HILL. Take **B20** to HARTFIELD. Turn left on to **A264** to WITHYHAM. In ¼ mile branch right (unclassified). 1 mile further turn right. **B2188**. ¼ mile further branch left (unclassified) to LOWBOROUGH. Leave by **B21** to ROTHERFIELD. Turn right on to **B2101**. In ¼ mile bear left. ½ mile farther at Bicycle Arms pub turn right on to **A267** at MAYFIELD. Turn sharp left (unclassified) signposted Witherenden) to ROADOAK. In ¾ mile at cross-road turn left **B2096** to Half Moon Pub. In ¾ mile turn right (unclassified) through RUSHLAKE GREEN to The Merry Harriers (Cowbeech). In 2½ miles at main road turn right. **A271** then ¼ mile farther branch left. **A295** to HAILSHAM. At T-road turn left. In ¼ mile turn right and cross railway bridge. In ½ mile at garage turn left **B21** to LANGLEY PO. Forward on **A**[illegible] to EASTBOURNE

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GOOD FRIDAY & EASTER MONDAY: Bank Holiday Fair at Hampstead Heath

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something to say...

Revenge is sweet

So we are getting our own back on the Frogs at last! Your correspondent Monsieur de Font-Reau, says he was made to take off his overcoat in a London restaurant and given bad, expensive apple-tart to eat. Good!

A small revenge for the bad manners of French restaurateurs and the frightful stuff they serve up to us at pirate prices. I am not talking of the slugs and toads which seem to form the basis of the Frog diet, but of the ordinary decent things like cold beef and ice-cream. Give me Torquay and Cheltenham every time!

Who won Crecy and Agincourt anyway? How right we were to burn Joan of Arc!

Arran,
Bouverie Street, EC4

Sidestepping

If only the English kept to overtaking on the right in their *cars!* That in itself would be enough for someone from the other side of the Channel. But no! Even pedestrians overtake on the right. This is fine when they are coming from behind – but disastrous when they are arriving face on. I have developed a jumpy, clumsy walk rather than my usual swinging, casual movement, and every time I go out I find my face stiff with embarrassed smiles of apology as I automatically side-step the wrong way!

Not as dangerous as on the roads perhaps, but so much more irritating.

B Marchal,
Shoe Lane, EC4

Strikers, think again

Many artists blame the critics when their shows take a hammering in the newspapers and subsequently fold. In the case of *Ad-Lib*, in which Larry Adler and I recently appeared at the Fortune Theatre, critical acclaim was kind and flattering. Yet the show closed after a brief run.

Just for once no one could heap castigation upon the Press. The reason for the closure to my mind was the threatened national rail strike. We found that as soon as the strike was theatened many people cancelled their bookings, and this obviously had an adverse effect on a show struggling to establish itself. I hope this does not appear to be too vituperous comment against the unions, but I do wish people would consider the wider effects of strikes.

Libby Morris,
Fitzjohns Avenue,
NW3

Young marrieds

As more and more people get married younger and younger, wouldn't it be a good idea to give these teenage couples a better deal? I myself was married at 16 and during my teens, before I became a singer, I had to support a wife and child. I found, however, I wasn't allowed to increase my help to the family financially as my rate of pay was lower in most jobs, regardless of the fact that I was doing a man's job.

While I understand the need to protect young people, surely provision should be made for those with such responsibilities.

Tom Jones,
Shepperton,
Middlesex

No negotiations

With regard to your statement that Sotheby's are once again considering a link up with Christie's, I wish to state categorically that no such negotiations are taking place or are envisaged by either side.

Peter Wilson,
Sotheby & Co,
New Bond Street, W1

Editor: We naturally accept Mr Wilson's statement, but would emphasise that a Sotheby's spokesman had commented before publication that "there is no smoke without fire."

Parched in the park

It seems a pity that London always just fails to make the best of itself. Consider the parks, an asset possessed by no other capital in Europe. It seemed a good idea to put up a couple of restaurants and bars in Hyde Park, and the one at the Albert Hall end of the Serpentine is probably one of the most exciting modern buildings around. It has a beautiful terrace, overlooks the water, has tropical plants. But the service!

The other Sunday evening I dropped in for a drink about 7 pm. There was one waiter on duty and we had to wait for at least half an hour before being served. This strikes me as a first-class example of spoiling a ship. We are expecting more tourists than ever this year – I can only hope there will be more waiters around so that their impression isn't as bad as mine.

Peter Bridge,
Cranbourn Street,
WC1

Opposition

On Hugh Blackwell's excellent and amusing article on Battersea Fun Fair, may I make one small correction. He says "Battersea Fun Fair has had a turbulent history and has been actively opposed by Chelsea Borough Council."

In all fairness I feel I should state that the opposition came, not from that responsible civic authority, but from an organisation sponsored by a non-authoritative collection of Chelsea residents.

E W Pert,
Festival Gardens,
Battersea, SW11

Irresponsible

Someone said in your article on LSD in the issue of 19 March: "We would like to have LSD available for everybody. The ideal situation would be to have it in the sugar so that people could buy it with their groceries."

This is a most irresponsible suggestion, ignoring the fact that LSD can have a cumulative effect, resulting in psychosis, suicide, and even death. It is totally in opposition to the experience of psychiatrists who have worked with this drug. It is not enough to suggest in the words of the author of the article that "using it on somebody who is already slightly insane is dangerous." Many reasonably "normal" people working around London are sufficiently disposed to undergo disastrous effects if they experiment with LSD. Indeed, psychiatrists themselves have suffered from a temporary severe psychosis and even death in such experimentation. In this hospital we take care only to give it to those whom we consider can resist negative effects, and such a decision is not always easy to make, even in a clinical interview. Certainly most of those tempted to play with this potentially dangerous drug are not able to assess what the effects on themselves might be.

LSD, carefully administered by psychiatrists experienced in using this drug, may be beneficial. Possible legislation to prevent innocent experimenters from suffering from taking it without much supervision would not be "panic legislation," but a sensible realisation of the dangers inherent in the continued taking, or in the administration of the wrong dosage, of LSD. It should be remembered that each individual's resistance is different, and that a responsible psychiatrist varies his dosage accordingly.

Joshua Bierer,
Medical Director,
Marlborough Day Hospital,
Marlborough Place, NW8

"Meet Mr Callaghan"

I have hesitated to write before on such a vital election issue, but don't you think that Labour has been taking an unfair advantage of the Conservatives by allowing the Chancellor to use his signature tune, "'Meet Mr Callaghan," on both radio and TV willy-nilly. And the irony is that the composer, partly because of the success of the tune, has now to reside in the Channel Islands.

I am busily working out how Mr Maudling could co-opt a musical namesake, on future occasions, on behalf of the Conservatives.

Philip Ridgeway,
Endell Street,
Covent Garden,
WC2

Vive le difference!

Re your piece in the 12 March edition of *London Life*, I have never said "different *to*" in my life. In Hampstead, one doesn't.

Marghanita Laski,
Windmill Hill, NW3

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